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MARCH 1921

35¢





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VOLUME IV

Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

MARCH, 1921



NUMBER 1

Important Features in this Issue:

THE VISION OF THOMAS HARDY

.....*Benjamin de Casseres*
The novelist has looked upon life with a satiric eye hung with the mist of a perpetual tear

THE PRINCESS AND THE SLAVE..*Harry Kemp*

An Oriental fantasy in one act, written in the poet's charming style

FRENCH OPERA IN AMERICA.....*Pitts Sanborn*

How the opera of France has fared at the hands of the American organizations

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.....*Frederick James Smith*
What does the upheaval now stirring the motion picture industry portend?

THE FUTURE OF THE ONE-ACT PLAY

.....*Pierre Loving*
It is bound up in the little theaters and the outlook is most promising

GOTHAM THRU A BRITON'S BRUSH

.....*Oliver M. Saylor*
Christopher Nevinson, the English painter, and the way he caught the soul of Manhattan

REFLECTIONS OF A GENTLE CYNIC

.....*Lisa Ysaye Tarleau*
Another gentle and humorous essay, "A Philosopher of the Leather Chair"

Interviews with Fred Stone, Patti Harrold and Effie Shannon

Departments devoted to the Drama, Fashion and Beauty

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SHADOWLAND

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Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor

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SHADOWLAND

177 Dufield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



OUR COLOR PLATES:

Mae Murray

The Picturesque and Colorful Star of the
Cinema

Lila Lee

An Appealing Figure of the Silversheet

Anna Pavlowa

One of the World's Foremost Exponents
of the Dance

Bacchanale of "Mecca"

A Scene from Fokine's Vivid Ballet

and

Two pages of color impressions, "On the
Ziegfeld Roof," by Wesley Morse; a
reproduction of Wynn Holcomb's
impression of John Charles
Thomas; and a reproduction
of Leo Sielke's canvas,
"New York Night
Life."



Painted from Photograph by Abbe

THE BACCHANALE OF "MECCA"

*With Martha Lorber and
Sergei Pernikoff*



Painted from Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Mae Murray



Painted from Photograph by Abbe

Pila Pee



Painted from © Photograph by Eugene Hutchinson

Anna P. Brown

JOY

*A camera study
by H. Armstrong
Roberts*



© by H. Armstrong
Roberts



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

ADOLPH BOLM
In his new Armenian dance



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

VIOLA WELLER

*A popular member of the Winter Garden
entertainment, "The Passing Show of 1921"*



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

BETTY HILBURN

D. W. Griffith's newest screen discovery



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

FRITZ LEIBER AS ROMEO



Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

BETTY BLYTHE

*The beautiful cinema star whose
next silversheet appearance will
be in "The Queen of Sheba"*



BESSIE LOVE

An interesting study of the motion picture actress by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photograph by Abbe

CAROL DEMPSTER

*As the heroine of David Wark Griffith's
new Thomas Burke drama of Limehouse*



JOHN CHARLES THOMAS

*An Impression of the Singer
By Wynn Holcomb*

A Ziegfeld beauty giving first aid in the song, "Puff, Puff, Puff"



Kathlene Martyn utilizes magazine covers for a piquant costume in one of the numbers

"Love is Like a Mushroom," sings Annette Bade, and one is tempted to become a vegetarian on the spot



Wesley Horse



One of the Roof features is a handicap on mechanical "horses"

*In the Ziegfeld
Roof dressing-
rooms*



On the Ziegfeld Roof



*A vivid touch is added to the song,
"A Nifty Little Cottage," when Kath-
lene Maryn builds one right in front
of you*

Kathlene Maryn



*A Ziegfeld idea
of blue Sunday
punishment*





NEW YORK NIGHT LIFE
*An Original Canvas by
Leo Stelke, Jr.*



Photograph by Arthur F. Kales



MARJORIE PETERSON

A dainty dancer of Denishaven in a Valse Ballet

Page Twenty-Three



IS as big as the world. It contains the Happy Things. The love of children and the happy knowledge of them. Laughter and the making of laughter. Sunshine and the dispensing thereof. Simplicity and perpetual youth. Work and the will-to-do. Kindliness.

Like many laugh-makers, much has gone to the making of the laugh-maker. Underneath the bright and effervescent froth is firm sedimentation; experience not lightly wrung. And time. And work: And woven and interwoven throat is the golden thread of fantasy and story-books.

We see Fred Stone shake an agile limb, crack his funny voice, dance his *dance excentrique*, and we think, "How funny! What a life!" Probably we do not think beyond that. We do not go to see Fred Stone in order to be made to think. Laugh-makers don't make us think. They don't want to. They make us stop thinking. They make us children again, "just for tonight." They leave the thought-making to the pedant, the philosopher, the paid pessimist. They make us forget the sides of life which are all sewed up with the seams exposed. But they have had to have a knowledge of the seams.

Once upon a time there was a little boy, named Fred. He was ten. And he loved the circus. 'Cause he was regular. A regular boy. He loved everything about the circus; the pink lemonade and the popcorn; the sawdust and the clowns; the animals and the acrobats; and he loved to do the things they did. More than anything else that he knew. So, being wise in the extremity of his youth, he followed the call of his heart and ran away from home (which was in Denver, Colorado), and joined a circus. It was a traveling circus. I suppose all circuses *are* traveling, more or less, but this was more; and in those days (some forty years ago), traveling with a circus was a very primitive matter indeed.

It made it possible for a feller to have all sorts of adventures,

The Heart of Stone

such as picking up spear heads and Injun things on the western plains, and busting broncos, and riding mustangs, and being, as time went on, one of the jolliest clowns that ever amused America; America with its slippers on and its feet on the fender, so to speak.

The little boy grew older, and wise in the ways of the show business. He worked—he always worked—and he imitated and created and learned, and after awhile he wasn't a little boy any more (not *outside*, I mean), and then he left the circus and went into variety which

the Keiths long since converted into the term vaudeville. But he was really the little boy at heart, and loved best of all to make the children laugh just



At the upper left is an early photograph of Fred Stone in a blackface act with his brother; in the center is Mrs. Stone, the "Lanatic Lady" of his life's romance; and, below, is Fred Stone in one of his earliest stage bits



By Gladys Hall

as he had made them laugh and shriek till the happy tears ran down their faces when he was a clown in the circus and tumbled at their very feet in the enchanted sawdust.

Just the other night, after seeing "Tip-Top" I talked with Mr. Stone and he told me that he cares most of all, gets the most out of playing to children, in the hospitals, in asylums, anywhere, so long as they are children, than ever he gets from a packed orchestra and an overflowing balcony. And, always, he goes out of his way to play for them. No matter how busy he is, he is never too busy for that. No matter how tired, never too tired.

In 1895 the grown-up little boy was playing in stock, some sort of Indian part, in Kansas City, I think, or Topeka. And it was there and then he met Dave Montgomery and the internationally famous team-work of Montgomery and Stone began; such team-work as gave us "The Wizard of Oz," "The Red Mill," "Chin - Chin" and others.

In "The Wizard of Oz" a romance began . . .

It was this way . . .
The Scarecrow Man and the Lunatic Lady fell in love. For keeps. And so they were married

At the upper right is a recent photograph of Fred Stone; in the center is Stone in his famous character of the Scarecrow in "The Wizard of Oz"; and, below, is a 1921 picture of the Stone children

Photograph (right) by Windert



Photograph (above) by Evans, L. A.

and lived happily ever after.

At least they've lived happily ever after—up till now. I know, because I visited them at their Long Island home the other day—and it is a home. And I met their three charming daughters, ranging from five years to fifteen years. The eldest is practising by day and dreaming by night of being with her father in his next production. "We never see her any more," her mother said, "she is with her father at the theater most of her time, when she is not at school. They are boon companions."

Mrs. Stone, also, is always with Mr. Stone, professionally. This year is, I believe, the first time she has not appeared with him.

I said to him, "You must be very happy—you've attained success."

He said, "It's *keeping* it that counts. *That's* the work. It isn't so much hitting the pace, as maintaining the pace you've hit. I have constantly to be creating new tricks, new situations. I have to be sure of my laughs—the laughs that, one a minute, are expected of me. In this lariat throwing, for instance, that I do in 'Tip-Top' I carried a man with me all last year to work on it with me. The same in all such stunts. If I cannot do them perfectly, I hire a professional to travel about with me and practise with him in between performances of the play I am doing. I have to work—harder, perhaps, than I did in the days when I didn't have myself, as it were, to live up to."

"You have nothing *really* to worry you," I persisted. He looked humorously rueful. "The income tax," he said. "Consider! If I broke my arm or my leg I'd be done. for, done out, in a minute, in an evening. I'm the

(Continued on page 81)



Photograph (left) by Sarony



Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

MITZI

The piquant little comedienne in her new musical comedy, "Lady Billy"

"The Green Goddess" Comes to View



Photographs by Abbe



The always interesting George Arliss is appearing in a new drama, "The Green Goddess," written by the distinguished London critic, William Archer. "The Green Goddess" is a play of adventure, Mr. Arliss playing the rajah of a miniature kingdom in Central Asia. Olive Wyndham appears opposite Mr. Arliss in the lower photograph



The Gilded Lily

Mae Murray is always a vivacious and piquant figure of the cinema. She has a long list of vivid silver-sheet heroines to her credit, but it is likely that none will be more interesting than her rôle in her forthcoming Famous Players-Lasky production, "The Gilded Lily"





We will look forward to "The Gilded Lily" with keen anticipation, since Miss Murrey always intrigues our interest



Photograph by Pach Bros.

The Laurel to Miss Laurell

*Kay Laurell, famous
beauty of Broadway, is
now appearing in the
comedy success, "Ladies'
Night," that lively thing
of a Turkish bath*

*In "Ladies' Night" Miss Laurell
plays a slangy chorus girl taking
a night off at a Turkish bath,
which affords an opportunity
for Miss Laurell to appear in an
advantageous way*



Photograph by White

The Capable Miss Shannon

By Gladys Hall

I TIPTOED thru the super-mysterious back-stage regions of the Garrick Theater in my pursuit of Effie Shannon.

It is not considered good interviewing to describe the route one takes to the objective point, or person, but if one encounters in shadowy corners the personages of "Heartbreak House" doing off-stage identically what one has priorly seen them doing *on*, one may be justifiably pardoned . . .

For instance, the ultra-gallant Hector Hushabye, beau-elect of the fair sex and general fancier of fact, was, actually, whispering sedulously into a maiden's ear. He *may* have been telling her that he had a frog in his throat, or that her make-up was awry or some such dull verity; but the *illusion*, paradoxically stripped of illusion, was perfect.

I stepped into Miss Shannon's dressing-room, and there she was optically—Hersione Hushabye, to the life. Gracious. Sentimental. With a sense of humor. Beautiful. I said: "Why, I feel as tho I were really in 'Heartbreak House'!"



Photograph (above) by Sarony

Effie Shannon is now playing in Shaw's "Heartbreak House," appearing in one of the most interesting rôles of her varied and unusual career. At the left is a childhood photograph of Miss Shannon

She said: "You *are*. We all are." "You mean . . .?"

"I think I mean what Shaw means. Of course, we can never be *quite* sure."

"You mean, you *sort* of mean, that

Shaw meant, that all the world, particularly Europe before the war, *was* 'Heartbreak House'. . . . And the people? What do you think he meant by the people? What sort of person, for instance, do you interpret your own Hersione Hushabye to be?"

"She was a very fine person, I believe," Miss Shannon said, "with tremendous capabilities which she had never used; because she did not know how to use them. Capabilities she had let go to seed, as it were, in the love and general sentimentality of 'Heartbreak House.' They wanted, all of them wanted, something to do. *Anything* to do. They had the powers; they had the minds; they had the splendid bodies—and they didn't know *how*. They were untrained; inefficient; lazy, if you like. They craved something tremendous; something big, even if it had to be destruction. They were not cowards. They

(Continued on page 80)



Merry Winter Gardeners

All photographs by
A. C. Johnston

*At the top is Edith Pierce,
while the young woman with
the tambourine and the per-
sonal moon is Helen Mellette.
Both are intriguing members
of "The Passing Show of
1921," now the attraction at
the Winter Garden.*





Photograph by A. C. Johnston

Just above is Rosalie Mellette, sister of Helen, presented on the opposite page. The Mellettes are dancers of decided verve and piquancy. Their work is a feature of "The Passing Show"



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

JACOB BEN-AMI

Whose change from the Yiddish to the English stage has been marked by the biggest personal success in years

CONSTANCE
BINNEY

*The popular cinema star
is shortly to make a brief
return to the stage*



Photograph by
Nickolas Muray



TO begin with, Patti Harrold is nineteen.

And she is the daughter of her father. Since father is Orville Harrold, who fought his way from member of a vaudeville quartet to principal rôles at the Metropolitan Opera House, you may well guess she has courage and stick-to-itiveness.

"Dad says you can have anything, if you think hard enough about it—and work hard enough for it," says Patti. "I've just followed his rule."

Since last May Patti has been singing the name part of "Irene," that musical comedy now in its third year on Broadway. Her work has stood out. There is superb youth and joy of life to her performance. Then, too, there is prettiness and an ability to sing. But, it seems to us, it is Patti's sheer joy of things that has buoyed her to such immediate success.

"Way back in Muncie, Indiana," says Miss Harrold, "when we were as poor as church mice, I had the idea of wanting to be on the stage. Guess it was in my blood. I went to high school and father began to attract attention in the theater. All things began to be possible."

"Father went on from vaudeville to light opera under the Hammerstein management. Meanwhile I grew up," continued Miss Harrold, who doesn't look quite grown up yet.

"Then father became a principal with the Society of American Singers during its season at the Park Theater two years ago. I persuaded my folks to let me make my début. I was just a little milkmaid but

Patti Harrold is nineteen And she is the daughter of her father. Since her father is Orville Harrold, who fought his way from member of a vaudeville quartet to principal rôles at the Metropolitan Opera House, you may well guess she has courage and stick-to-itiveness

Nineteen

By Frederick James Smith

I was happy. It was a start. That was everything. "That settled things for me. I determined to do or die behind the footlights. I got my next chance in the Hammerstein production of 'Sometime' and, after understudying Helen Ford all during the run, I finally got a chance to succeed Virginia Lee."

"After that I was briefly with the Society of American Singers during the last season. Then came 'Irene.' I came down and asked for a chance. They told me that the chorus was the only opening and offered me twenty-five dollars a week. If they thought they were going to discourage me, they were surprised. I took it—and asked to understudy Adele Rowland, who was then singing Irene. It was only a few weeks later that the opportunity came to step into the rôle—and here I am, nearly a year later, still singing the rôle of Irene."

"What are your dreams?" we asked.

"The Metropolitan," immediately responded Miss Harrold. "Why not? Anything is possible. I know that now. It's up to you to get what you can out of life—and I want the Metropolitan."

All photographs by Nickolas Muray





Photograph by Hixon-Connelly K. C.

MARION

An interesting figure of "Hitchy-Koo 1920"



Photograph by Nickolas Murray

MARTHA LORBER: *Premiere Danseuse of "Mecca"*



*Washington Bridge and High
Bridge at twilight. The lights
of New York are just appearing
thru the early evening mists*

The Spirit of New York

A Series of Camera Studies
Made for SHADOWLAND by
Edward R. Dickson

SHADOWLAND



Under the Elevated Railway. An interesting study in Manhattan's lights and shadows

The columns at Columbia University. An architecturally beautiful glimpse of New York



The New York boy at play. The Municipal and Woolworth buildings in the distance



The Vision of Thomas Hardy

By Benjamin de Casseres

THE cycle of the cosmic vision of Thomas Hardy from "Desperate Remedies" to "The Dynasts."

In "Desperate Remedies" he had his vision, but it struggled for a body, like an inexorable, unstaunchable Thought groping for utterance on the clavier of the five senses.

Thru those novels which came to us thru the years the Vision, the Thought, was apprehended by the reader thru the events and circumstances of the drama, seen as one sees character in a person or the mood in which a picture was painted.

In "The Dynasts," the last work of Thomas Hardy, the vision of the universe, the implacable Thought of years, comes stark into the light, and the great artist who gave to the world "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "The Return of the Native," sweeps to the Sinai of concrete perception, where he utters not only the final wisdom that is in him, but the final wisdom of all time.

Genius is Consciousness magnified to the highest power attainable. The consciousness of all genius is cosmic—that is, it sees laws instead of things, it solves every star in a universe, and every universe in a dew-drop, and finally every star, universe and dewdrop in the retort of its own awareness.

This cosmic consciousness is the Alsace-Lorraine of the mind, where the Absolute

and the Relative dispute possession. Its quality varies; but the cosmic consciousness of Thomas Hardy ranks equal to that of the Hindu sages, Sophocles, Hugo, Spinoza, Shakespeare, Walt Whitman, Schopenhauer, Shelley, Hegel, Jules de Gaultier, the author of Ecclesiastes, Flaubert, Emerson, Maeterlinck and the Carlyle of "The French Revolution."

Like the Hindu sages and Jules de Gaultier, he has seen enkerneled in all things the will-to-error; like Sophocles, he has looked into the vacant stare of the Immanent Will; like Hugo, he has hurried up and down the sidereal systems seeking an Answer to the Question, leaving no mansion in the skies unransacked; like Whitman, he has staged for our eye—in that marvelous prelude in the Overworld in "The Dynasts"—the hopeless tangle of mankind's oneness and the fatality of each heartbeat; like Spinoza, he has come to the very sills of Unity; like Schopenhauer, he has seen the seals of the Unconscious break and let loose the dazed and light-bewildered butterflies of Intelligence, and asked Why?; like Shakespeare, he has played stage-manager only to his puppets, leaving moral judgments to lesser minds; like Shelley he has felt the thrill of an almost hopelessly distant

Hope; like the author of Ecclesiastes and Goya, he has uttered Nada!; like Maeterlinck, he has looked into the unsoundable

(Continued on page 79)

Top Panel:

Ted Shawn and Ballet
at Denishawn

Photograph by Arthur F. Kaies

The Future of the One-Act Play

By Pierre Loving

Editor of "Comedies of Words" by Arthur Schnitzler;
Editor of "Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays"

AS the editor of a volume of fifty contemporary one-act plays, I am repeatedly asked the question: "What is the future of the one-act play in America?" Of all things it is most difficult and hazardous to predict what course the theater will follow. Every generation and age varies its theatrical fare to suit its modes and manners. A plausible answer in this case, however, might take the following form: The future of the one-act play is largely bound up with the future of the little theaters. If this future is going to be as bright as the past, we have every reason to be optimistic regarding the fate of the short play, for it is by the one-act plays they have enacted that we must gage the achievement of the little theaters everywhere.

Outside of vaudeville—and there, only with proper reservations—the one-act play, which has always been the favorite child of the small mushroom playhouses, has not invaded Broadway with any measure of pronounced success. The Washington Square Players, it will be remembered, tried the experiment at the Comedy Theater, but were compelled after a year's lease to abandon the notion of winning over a big enough number of regular playgoers to cover house rent and overhead expenses.

Undaunted, however, by such forbidding facts as the foregoing, Mr. Gustav Blum has recently announced that he aims to have a fresh try at Broadway with a newly organized company called "The Playlet Players." Mr. Blum, no doubt, holds with many other enthusiastic observers that even tho the Washington Square Players were forced to discontinue, having been overmatched from the start in the commercial tug-of-war, they perished nobly and in a worthy cause. Just consider what they have done for the American theater:

Besides making the public familiar with foreign plays of unusual drift and temper, they succeeded in unearthing a great many American writers who had chosen the one-act play as their medium. During the first year of their existence, this path-blazing organization produced, all told, thirty-two one-act plays and larger works, twenty of which were of American origin. This proportion the Players managed to keep to the end of their brief

but epoch-making career. Among the genuine discoveries with which we must credit the Washington Square Players are: "The Critic's Comedy" by Samuel Kaplan, "Helena's Husband" by Philip Moeller (author of "Madame Sand" and "Sophie"), "The Hero of Santa Maria" by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman and Ben Hecht, "The Girl in the Coffin" by Theodore Dreiser, "Another Way Out" by Lawrence Langner, and "The Clod" by Lewis Beach (now running successfully in vaudeville).

Two of the local playwrights of the Washington Square Players have already achieved Broadway production: Philip Moeller in "Madame Sand," "Moliere" and "Sophie"; and Eugene O'Neill in "Beyond the Horizon," "The Straw" and "Gold" by the same writer have been announced for early production. What is more, the latter has been acclaimed widely by competent critics as by far the most promising dramatist writing in America today. It is, of course, true that Eugene O'Neill properly started his career as stage manager for his father, James O'Neill, in "The Count of Monte Cristo" and subsequently with the Provincetown Players on their picturesque wharf-stage on the Massachusetts coast. Somewhere in-between he studied under Professor George D. Baker at the Harvard Workshop.

But it was the Washington Square Players who, justly speaking, first introduced O'Neill to the more general mass of theatergoers.

Another important contribution of the Washington Square Players to the American theater, which it would be highly unfair to omit here, is the early effort of Robert Edmund Jones, whose original stage-sets have begun to work something of an overturn in our scene designing. And finally, if the Washington Square Players accomplished nothing else, they proved, at all events, that a potential audience—not very numerous, to be sure, but susceptible of enlargement—existed for the one-act play.

The one-act play, as we know it today, owes its initial impetus to Andre Antoine, the founder of the *Theater Libre* in Paris. In 1887 Antoine, who was employed as a clerk in the Paris Gas Company, conceived the idea of building a theater that should be free from artificial



Photograph by White Studio

Marjorie Kummer and Stanley Howlett in a moment of the comedy, "Rollo's Wild On"

(Continued on page 73)



Fedorova: Flashing Figure of the Dance

Photographs Copyrighted by
E. O. Hoppe of London
and New York

Fedorova, long an idol of London, has returned to Russia and she is said to be now a première danseuse at the great Moscow State Theater. Fedorova, or Fyodorova as her name is spelled in Russia, left her homeland with the breaking up of the empire. She went to London, where she became a reigning success

Fedorova is one of the most interesting figures created by the Russian ballet. Dark and passionate in her slender beauty, she has proved herself a consummate actress, as well as a highly proficient dancer



It was hoped that, upon leaving England, Fedorova would try her fortunes in America. But the lure of the homeland, even in the chaos of after-revolution days, proved too much for the ballerina



Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

A Philosopher of the Leather Chair

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

IMAGINE, gentle reader, one of those nice, comfortable, masculine club-rooms with windows looking out on the Avenue, deep-cushioned leather chairs, a soft, velvety, red carpet, subdued lights, and the perfume of innumerable and very excellent cigarets scented the air. In a corner of this large room sit two friends who are presently joined by a third. Of course, it is the third who really interests us. Three is a number full of magic and wonder, and if you can only manage to be the third, you may be sure that all kind of splendid and unexpected things will happen to you. The third son of the king wins the bride, the third stroke of the sword kills the dragon, and the third daughter of the merchant is called Beauty and thru her love changes the Beast into the most charming prince. Even nowadays, the third plays a not unimportant rôle in the romance of existence. Two is matrimony, but three . . . well, that's another story. But let us return to the third friend, who brought about all these numerous numerical digressions. We just perceive him joining his friends and throwing himself, with a deep sigh, into one of the arm-chairs, and we cannot help smiling at him because he looks so beautifully melancholic. The friends, too, smile; they have seen him so often in this mood of pictorial misery that they derive from it a certain amusement; so that when he now in a somber voice ejaculates: "Give me a cigar-

et, whatever kind it be, only give me a cigaret," they chortle with delight, and we are permitted to listen to the following conversation.

FRANK: Do give me a cigaret. I am haunted—

MAX: By your conscience or your creditors?

FRANK: By neither of them. No, not my conscience but my consciousness is haunting me, the depressing consciousness of the eternal sameness of all things.

JOHN: Sounds good, I like it, but what does it mean?

FRANK: I can explain it only with a story.

MAX: Dont, dont! We know all your stories already by heart.

FRANK: This one you dont know as yet.

MAX: Who spoke just now of the eternal sameness of all things?

FRANK: Well, then I have nothing to say.

JOHN: Splendid preface! Now I am certain the story is inevitable.

FRANK: How remarkably clever! The longer you know me the more your intellect is bound to improve. Listen, then. One day, about a month ago, I took lunch at the Gotham.

MAX: Who had invited you?

FRANK: Stop your interruptions. I was alone communing with my higher Self, when suddenly in came a Lady . . .

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Top Panel:
The Angelus of the Dance. A camera study by Edward R. Dickson

By
Pitts
Sanborn

TEMPORARILY, at least, one conspicuous result of the World War has been a fortifying of national consciousness and a sharpening of national sensitiveness. The dream of international comity is still a Utopia unachieved. For that reason such a question as the present position of French opera in America burns with a heat it would have lacked in the days when theoretically the commonwealth of art had its locale far above the turmoil of national division. The fact that the practise did not in reality conform to the theory may be held responsible for the present emphasis on nationalism in art. That inconsistency the World War uncovered. Not to go more deeply into the general aspects of the subject, it is pertinent to inquire in the interest of art in general whether during the musical season of 1920-1921 French opera has the place in the American sun to which its artistic importance entitles it.

There are in this country two principal purveyors of opera which we may consider here, the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York and the Chicago Opera Association. The former carries on a tradition (which has undergone a good deal of alteration) nearly a generation old. The latter is, curiously, the direct heir of Oscar Hammerstein's famous four seasons of opera at his Manhattan Opera House in West Thirty-fourth Street, New York. Cleofonte Campanini, who during three of the four years was Hammerstein's musical director and right-hand man,

Top photograph
© by Moffett Studios;
Right photograph
© by Mishkin Studio



French Opera in America

made the actual living link between Thirty-fourth Street and Chicago, for until his death a year ago Campanini had been at the head of the Chicago company since it was founded. Altho his general policies were followed during the remainder of the Chicago season of 1919-1920, including the visit of the company to New York, already modifying influences began to manifest their presence. This season Gino Marinuzzi succeeded Campanini as chief conductor and artistic director of the organization, but resigned, to

be succeeded by the famous Mary Garden herself. In a strong sense, the present season is crucial for the Chicago organization.

Let us take up first the Metropolitan of New York. Back in the nineties French opera dominated that stage, if not in the number of operas given, in the popularity with the public of those that were given. Jean de Reszké reigned there then as Enrico Caruso does now. "Carmen," "Faust," and "Roméo et Juliette" were the backbone of the repertoire. It is amusing to recall that after the début here of the great Calvé as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" there was actually talk of sending her back to Europe, in spite of the fact that the audience had liked her. But before going she was allowed to sing one Carmen. That night Calvé stopped at nothing, not even at breaking dishes over the heads of waiters in Lillas Pastia's tavern.

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Top, Mary Garden as Cleopatra; left, Yvonne Gall, the charming soprano of the Chicago Opera Company; and, right, Lucien Mureaux, another leading member of the Chicago forces





Gotham Thru a Briton's Brush

tensity and magnitude of the life of a new people on a new continent.

New York to Nevins is the epitome of the heyday of the age of steel and steam. He fell victim to its lure last year when he

Nevins' "Looking Through Brooklyn Bridge" at the left and, below, his "Looking Down from the Railroad Club." Nevins declares that our architects "have produced a great and new art for which the American of this generation will always be remembered, long after most of our contemporary achievements have been forgotten"

came for his exhibition of war prints at the Keppel Galleries. A busy pencil gave him a bagful of sketches to take back to London to

UNASKED, unaided and unwelcomed, American imagination has dreamed the skyscraper, and American ingenuity has carried the dream thru to reality in steel and terra-cotta. Against the protests of elder and conservative esthetics, the contour of Manhattan has shot starward, the cañons of lower Broadway have grown deeper and deeper, and the towers of the Metropolitan and the Bush Terminal have led the invasion northward. Incredulity that the feat could ever be practically accomplished has long ago given way to an irritated and shamefaced acceptance of the fact—an attitude which still persists rather generally today, despite the appreciation which Cass Gilbert has won with the Woolworth shaft and the belated comprehension of the fact that, in the skyscraper, America has made almost her single original contribution to the art and architecture of her time. It may not be so strange, therefore, that the native artist has not yet risen to interpret and fully to justify the work of the builder, and that we have had to wait for a foreign visitor to our shores to point out to us the wonder of our possessions.

In the exhibition of the paintings of the young English artist, Christopher Richard Wynne Nevins, current a short time ago at the Bourgeois Galleries in New York, the soul of Gotham has been made really eloquent for the first time. The skyscraper has revealed its soul; the man-made cañon has unlocked its secret. The vertical aspirations of the American metropolis are revealed as something more than an engineering feat—as the physical embodiment, rather, of the vigor and impetus, the in-

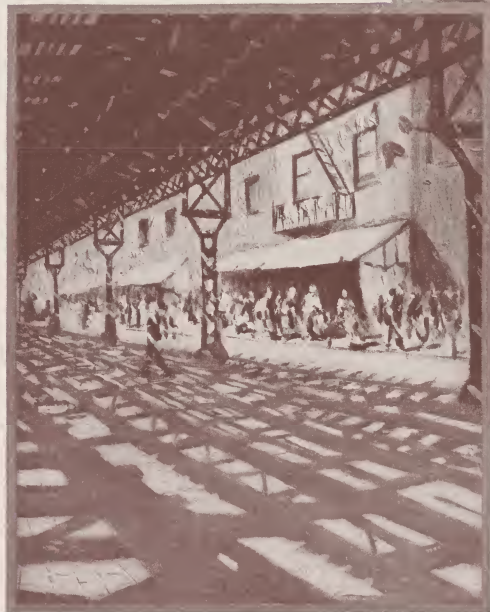


By
Oliver
M.
Sayler

work up into the completed canvases with which he has been telling Americans the amazing story of their greatest city. Just as Nevinson discovered the war, so has he discovered New York, only he likes our metropolis as much as he hated the war, and his Gotham glimpses, emerging from the same vivid imagination, are as heartening as his relentless panorama of conflict was depressing.

In a certain sense, the war discovered Nevinson, reciprocating the service which he rendered it. Before 1914 he was known in England and among those outside England who keep abreast of radical

Nevinson's regard for New York as the embodiment of the spirit of the age has aroused much comment, pro and con, here and in England. At the right is Nevinson's canvas, "Under Brooklyn Bridge" and, below, his "Third Avenue"



tendencies in art, but he was not an international figure as he is today, with his name and his style familiar to all those who follow the public print. His appointment as the first official painter for the British Army in the Field and his public exhibitions of war subjects before and after that appointment, together with the reproduction of his best war canvases in book form, have fixed him in the front rank of contemporary British artists at the early age of thirty-one. His grasp of the significance of the life of his time, his eagerness and freshness of viewpoint, his understanding of the aims and the techniques of all the Modernist schools and yet his sturdy independence of them all, conspire to make him a force to be reckoned with in every country where the painter's brush serves to interpret human ideals.

The path that led Nevinson to international fame is not the usual one which carries an artist's name to wide public acquaintance. Son of Henry W. Nevinson, an able and eminent British journalist, he became associated at a youthful age with one after another of the Modernist art groups. From an imitation of the naturalistic style of Holbein he plunged into the Futurist movement with Marinetti in Milan, turned next to co-operation with

(Continued on page 74)

People, Puppets, and Pantomime

By Arthur H. Moss

"**B**ROODING on the universe as usual? I envy you your philosophic detachment." Thus reads a line from Aldous Huxley's "Among The Nightingales." Put the words in the mouth of almost any Broadway actor: what sounds, would emerge? "Broodin' th' yoonivose as yushul, Yenvy yer 'y philersophic detachmen," or something equally vague and mysterious. Reads like a prayer in Hindoostanee. We have a feeling that poetic drama is only meant to be read to one's self, and if produced, should be stripped of words. Think of "Paolo and Francesca" being mouthed in New Yorkese by a lot of actors!

Even in roles wherein a little culture is requisite, American enunciation is rather awful, especially the phonetics of the average dunderhead dressed in Varsity Brand clothes masquerading as an actor. As for the actresses—well at least they are usually good to look upon—but if the petite flappers must adorn the boards, why not let them recite "How can we shimmy with moider in our hearts" or march in Ziegfeldian phalanx? Or—let us suppress all stage speech and go back to pantomime.

Why not pantomime? Comes a raucous chorus—"too much like movies"—ah, yes—but in the movies, the color values, as yet, have not been properly presented—decoration, so far, only beginning to be developed. Comes another voice querying, "Do the people want pantomime; would they appreciate it?" One moment, my lowly friend: away back in the halcyon days before the Great Wholesale Murder, in the golden age of personal, so to speak, liberty, "Sumurun," a pantomime in three acts, running a whole evening, scored a huge box-office success. That was before the Poor Old Public fell for the gorgeous Ballets Russes which really are glorified, highly developed pantomime. The Poor Old Public got a thoro education in the enchantments and entertainment possibilities of the wordless stage presentation. Came the Washington Square Players—a maters—their first season—ear-

nestly bidding for popular favor and the one pantomime they produced, "Shepherd in the Distance," was received with enthusiasm—had to be repeated on a subsequent bill. Meantime the Russians were blithely ballenting their way into the public heart. Came bravely, Winthrop Ames, producing "Pierrot The Prodigal," a box-office success.

Thruout the country the Little Theaters have helped to spread the good work, particularly the Chicago Little Theater, directed by Maurice Browne, and the Chicago Theater Workshop, under the guidance of Blanding Sloan and Peter Larsen.

Many believe that the general public can't grasp a story without words. Of course, today in the movies the subtitle plays a large part, but, in the infancy of the pictures, the audience relied almost entirely on screen pantomime to get the story. Such stories as were told in the medieval

pantomime are still easily conveyed without words. They are generally tales of universal interest—love—battle, murder, and sudden death—low comedy—the three elements popular thruout the ages. The pantomime is particularly well adapted to poetic stories of a remote time and place because, in most cases, any attempt to construct dialog to fit these stories only results in completely destroying the charm and atmosphere.

In the pantomimic field we find much that would soften the just, religious wrath of even Old Doc Straton. As a matter of fact, in the biblical or religious pantomime there is much less to offend the sensitive *religioso* than in the play which demands the utterance of actual speech by actors portraying the Savior and the holy personages. We quote from "The Little Theater in the United States," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay: "At the Chicago Little Theater, 'The Christmas Mystery Play' was given totally in silhouette, with the figures of the New Testament story moving in flat shadow bas-relief against the curtain. This shadow play was lit from the back. The slightest (Continued on page 70)



Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe of London

PHYLLIS MONKMAN

A favorite London stage entertainer



The Princess and the Slave

An Oriental Fantasy in One Act

By Harry Kemp

Illustrated by Oscar Frederick Howard

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SCENE: Dusk, in an Eastern Garden. In back, a wide, marble stairway leading up into the palace of the Sultan. To the left, a wall of grey stone, with trees and shrubbery growing close by it.

As the curtain rises, the Princess Zuleika is seen, pacing back and forth with her favorite slave, Zara.

ZULEIKA:

It seems strange that Prince Altor, for all his journeying, has not yet reached the palace of my father. Day before yesterday one messenger brought the news that he

was just leaving the Wells of Elm, the next day another messenger came and reported that he had passed beyond Barak . . . Since then we have had no word from him.

ZARA:

I have heard that he is a man of many freaks and whims.

ZULEIKA:

Behold the gifts he has sent, in advance of his arrival, to me, each one a sultan's ransom! (*Lifting her hand*)



"Father, spare him," cried Zuleika, creeping to her father's feet. "He is only a slave. He did as I bade him. I am the one wholly at fault!"

and here is a necklace strung entirely with black pearls, each one in itself a little dark moon of perfection.

ZARA:

(Flattering.) They are gifts only befitting the beauty of so great a princess.

ZULEIKA:

(Pleased.) Now what favor are you about to ask of me?

ZARA:

None, Princess, unless——

ZULEIKA:

(Laughing.) Do not try to deceive me, Zara. You are all in a fever to hurry away to that yellow slave boy from Abyssinia. Wait till the muezzin has called and we have said our evening prayers. Then you may go.

ZARA:

I see him standing in his tower now.

THE MUEZZIN:

(Appearing far off, in a tower.) Hear, all ye Faithful . . . there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet! (Prostrating themselves after the Mohammedan fashion, the women observe the ritual of prayer. Then they rise in silence.)

Here is a ring, a thin band of gold, set with one great pearl fetched up from the sea by some Indian diver . . .

ZULEIKA:

And now you may go, Zara, to your young lover who waits you by the well. (As Zuleika speaks, the top of the highest tree near the wall is seen to shake without a wind. Zara has barely gone out, when a voice calls softly from the tree.)

THE VOICE:

Zuleika!

ZULEIKA:

(Softly in surprise.) Amru, is it you?

THE VOICE:

It is I, Amru, your lover.

ZULEIKA:

You should not have come here. It is dangerous (inconsistently). Come down then. We are alone.

(Amru, a young, slim, brown-bodied man in slave-dress, drops lightly as a leopard to the grass. He starts to take Zuleika in his arms. She coquettishly escapes him.)

ZULEIKA:

No, not yet, not yet, Amru.

AMRU:

Not yet! You madden me. I love you. And you have told me that you love me. Why, then——

ZULEIKA:

I love you, but you are far too hasty in your love.

AMRU:

What wayward whim is this?

ZULEIKA:

No whim. Only a day ago my father, the Sultan, bought you of the trader. Remember in the first place you are a slave . . . but even as a lover you are too forward and bold.

AMRU:

Every day you deny yourself to me you make an eternity.

ZULEIKA:

Why did you not wait till I sent you word that all would be safe?

AMRU:

I was willing to die, if only I might look in your face again.

ZULEIKA:

And, I suppose, willing that I also should die?

AMRU:

Your meaning?

ZULEIKA:

—that it is my father's custom to walk in this garden with all his attendant slaves at this sunset hour . . . and that in this garden near the harem, every leaf is a tongue and every stone in the wall an eye. Even now we might be heard and seen . . . perhaps even now behind every tree in this place lurks an armed janizary waiting the signal to leap forth and take and bind both you and me . . . no, not even my person would be sacred to them . . . for my father the Sultan is a man of deep wrath. We play with death, Amru.

AMRU:

Fly with me now to my father's tribe.

ZULEIKA:

Not until the opportunity falls into our hands like ripe fruit.

AMRU:

Then come into my arms but once. I cannot endure—
(A sound, as of a drawn sword falling to the ground, is heard.)

ZULEIKA:

(Thrusting him away in terror.) Be swift! For the love of Allah, climb over the wall again. I saw an armed man behind yonder bush.

"That is the melody," said Amru.
"Now play as I make up my song"

AMRU:

(Taking her in his arms, despite her resistance.) It was only a shadow cast by the sinking sun.

(At this juncture, Amru is suddenly beset on every side by janizaries who have all this while been hiding behind the trees and in the shrubbery. In a trice he is caught and firmly held, despite his struggles to get free. The Princess stands as if stricken motionless by the great calamity that has overtaken them. And now the two great doors at the top of the palace stairs are ponderously flung open and inside a tableau is presented of the Sultan, in his full regalia, attended by all his court retinue. Slowly and with the solemnity of death, he comes down the steps. At a wave of the father's hand, the janizaries let their captive go free, and he flings himself at the Sultan's feet, together with Zuleika.)

THE SULTAN:

(After a majestic pause.) Fools, to think that I did not know! (To Amru.) Slave, I curse the hour when, two days ago, I bought you of that merchant from Abyssinia. You shall be whipped to death like a dog. (Silence.) What, you do not plead for mercy?





"Sing it softly then," sighed Zuleika, as they stole away, hand in hand

AMRU:
I am prepared to die. But have mercy on your daughter.

ZULEIKA:
(Creeping to her father's feet and clasping the hem of his robe.) Father, spare him. He is only a slave. He did as I bade him. I am the one wholly at fault.

THE SULTAN:
I shall show mercy to neither of you. The lash, Janizaries! (The janizaries step forward, with lashes in their hands.)

ZULEIKA:
(Rising with perfect dignity.) It is well then. I am the daughter of the Sultan. It is Kismet. I make only one request . . . to be allowed the privilege of perishing side by side with the man I love, and who loves me—even tho he be a slave, and I, a princess. (At this crucial moment, to the amazement of all, the Sultan breaks into hearty laughter. Amru, rising, laughs too—thus adding to the further bewilderment of everyone.)

THE SULTAN:
(Full of pride in his daughter, reaching his hands toward her.) Come, my dear daughter, jewel of my soul, the test is over with, the jest is done. This man (indicating the supposed Amru), this man, your lover, standing here, is no slave, as you thought, but the Prince Altor himself . . . he who was betrothed to you in the cradle.

But, being a man of freaks and whims, he suggested this trial of your heart. I pretended to buy him as a slave. None was gladder than I, when I saw you swiftly falling in love with him. Take him, my beloved daughter, jewel of my soul, and be as true to the discovered prince as you were to the feigned slave.

ZULEIKA:
(Overcome with emotion.) My father—what shall I do? What shall I say? (Turning to the Prince and taking his hand.) Altor!

PRINCE ALTOR (the former "Amru"):
(With a caress of the hand on her arm.) Many pearls have I given you—but you have given me, in yourself, the Pearl of Greatest Price. (Looking around, as if trying to single out someone.)

Now let the real Amru come forth. Amru! (The real Amru, a slave much in appearance like the Prince, steps forth to his master.)

This is the real Amru—knowing that I am a man of strange whims and freaks, Amru has been taken into my confidence by me. Amru is an unusual slave. He can compose verses out of hand, on any special occasion, and straightway sing them with music of his own inventing. I will it that he shall make for us now a ballad of this event.

THE REAL AMRU:
(Bowing in obedience.) I shall do as you wish, my master . . . is there a flute-player here?
(Continued on page 71)

Is the Movie Colossus Collapsing?

By Frederick James Smith

AT this moment of writing—the final days of January—the motion picture world is in the throes of the severest upheaval in the history of the photoplay. These appear to be dire days, indeed, for the cinema.

Large producing organizations are retrenching with guillofine ruthlessness, small ones are ceasing activities voluntarily or involuntarily, studios are closing and players—big and little—are face to face with the prodigal God of the Celluloid suddenly gone bankrupt.

Why?

The entire country has been undergoing a trying wave of financial depression. Every industry has been affected, in direct ratio to its vulnerability. The motion picture, being as air-tight as the Belgian frontier was supposed to be—and wasn't, is hard hit.

It may sound banal to say that all this is good for the photoplay, in fact, that it is the best thing that could happen. But this is the truth, nevertheless.

The motion picture has grown up from a lowly beginning. Its rise has been so meteoric and dazzling that it has dragged all sorts of incompetents—managerial, directorial and histrionic—into the golden realm of wealth and success. From the first, the photoplay has been a steadily growing means of extravagance and waste. Frenzied competition within its own gates has forced the cost of production to almost fabulous proportions. The bubble grew—and grew—

Until a few months ago.

The golden rewards offered by the photoplay have made it possible to obtain capital to do almost anything on the screen.

Suppose a railroad promoter went to a capitalist and asked for the loan of a million to build a new road.

"Where will the road be built?" the magnate would naturally ask.

"Oh, we'll start at Albany or maybe Buffalo," the promoter would respond, nonchalantly.

"That isn't definite yet."

"And where will it run to?" the capitalist would continue.

"That is uncertain yet," let us suppose the promoter answers. "But it will go to a beautiful place, we'll see to that."

In other words, this is about the way it was possible to create new motion

picture organizations in the golden days just ending. With such dizzy possibilities before it, it is not surprising that the movie world went mad.

But this does not mean the end of the photoplay. Not by any manner of means.

The photoplay is definitely here—the entertainment of the masses. The vast number of American motion picture theatres—hardly less than eighteen thousand in number—prove it.

The photoplay, however, is going to be sanely conducted. Cut-throat competition is going to end. Today there are countless distributing organizations with branches in every part of the United States, maintained to sell motion pictures. This number is unnecessary. It will be brought down thru amalgamations to a few logical channels of distribution. This will limit the terrific distribution "over-head," which makes it necessary for producers to film a large number of pictures per year in order to pay the expenses and keep the sales forces busy.

At first this reduction in the number of distributing agencies—with a corresponding reduction in competition—may seem to be a menace. But we doubt it.

The situation will resolve itself into a few distributing organizations of two kinds: either made up of stars and directors creating their own dramas, or of promoters maintaining certain producing units and buying productions in the open market. Big personalities—whether directors or actors—will not remain trammelled by oppressive organizations. These personalities will control their own distribution systems or they will sell their work to the best channels available. And, let it be added, sane distributing companies will not reject independent productions which will make money.

With these channels of distribution cut down, producers will face the necessity of making good drama in order to sell it. And they will have to possess business sagacity to exist. The junk motion pictures of the past and present will be eliminated entirely or at least cut down.

This will forecast the disappearance of the manufactured star and director.

It will weed out the incompetents.

It will mean fewer—and (Continued on page 68)



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

SCHUYLER LADD

In the revival of "The Yellow Jacket"

SHADOWLAND



CORLISS PALMER

*A new study of the winner of the 1920
Fame and Fortune Contest by Albin*



Belasco Presents "Deburau" and Barrie Reveals "Mary Rose"

By The Critic

JUST as we came to rate David Belasco among the fallacies of our youth—along with our zest for ice-cream—he produces "Deburau." Granville Barker's adaptation of Sacha Guitry's drama. Not merely productions, mind you, but literally recreates the joyous and nonchalant days of Paris in the early nineteenth century.

Any way you look at it, "Deburau" is a distinguished achievement. That is, except when you consider Mr. Barker's contribution. But more of that later. We are half tempted to fall in line with certain critics and pronounce "Deburau" the finest thing from the French stage since Ros-tand's "Cyrano de Bergerac."

First of all let us explain that Jean-Baptiste Deburau, son of a nomad family of traveling acrobats, really existed and that he was literally the finest Pierrot of all time. So, too, did the little Théâtre des Funambules, where his pantomime touched the hearts and the risibilities of all Paris, from the gamins to the fine folk of the salons.

Guitry, himself an actor of unusual abilities, has taken the life of Deburau, altered it here and there to suit dramatic necessities

and turned out a truly fine drama. More than that, he has used it as a vehicle to express the philosophy of the stage and the credo of the actor. There are innumerable fine flashes of poetry in the Guitry drama. True, these have suffered in the transition into English. Barker has

taken Guitry's *vers libre* and turned it into rimed free verse; this, doubtless, to give accent to the tale of half forgotten days, half fantasy, half reality. The result is frequently a curious jingle effect, as when Barker rimes "empty tummy" with "my poor mummy."

But you will forget these surface defects in the appeal and beauty of the drama, which traces the beloved pantomimist from the heights of success to the time he hears the hisses of his fickle public, when he can no longer stir the old laughter. Thru it runs his hopeless love for the beautiful Marie Duplessis. Now Marie Duplessis was the exquisite and fragile courtesan immortalized by the younger Dumas in his *La dame aux camélias*, (Continued on page 63)



Left, Lionel Atwill as "Deburau." Top panel, Alice Delysia and chorus in "Afgar." Drawing by Ethel Plummer

Photograph by White Studios

The Moral and the Immoral Photoplay

[Several months ago SHADOWLAND published an interview with David Wark Griffith, by Frederick James Smith, in which the director declared that the real immorality of the screen lay in the "Pollyanna" type of drama, false to truth and life. A number of replies have been received by SHADOWLAND, two of which are here published.]

THE MORALITY OF THE PHOTOPLAY

By W. D. McGUIRE, JR.

Executive Secretary, National Board of Review
of Motion Pictures

THE interview with David Wark Griffith, so interestingly presented by Frederick James Smith in SHADOWLAND for September, must of necessity cause serious concern to all those who entertain worthy aspirations for the photoplay.

I agree with Mr. Griffith that "it was different in the old days of the photoplay," when he was "producing such things as 'Pippa Passes,' 'A Blot on the 'Scutcheon,' etc." It was different because while Mr. Griffith was trying to make a name for himself producing something worth while, the other Biograph, Kalem, Edison, Lubin and Selig directors were taking advantage of the fact that the exhibitor had to book their machine-made pictures or go out of business. The proverbial "tired business man," at that time usually a hod-carrier (and carrying a hod full of bricks is tiring!), had to endure these artistic productions at the theater. He had to endure them or stay at home. He chose the lesser of two evils and watched the Kalem railroad heroine race thru hundreds of feet of a one-reel picture on the back of a bucking bronco to reach the switch and save the engine just in the nick of time to get inside of the one thousand feet of celluloid allotted to the action. No one who went to the pictures then dreamed of taking them seriously. Meanwhile, the committees of the National Board of Review, however, were revived by an occasional glimpse of a "Pippa Passes," stuck to the job and hoped for better days.

"The old days of the photoplay" were the days of ready-made pictures for ready-made audiences. "All this resulted in a far higher artistic level than now exists," states Mr. Griffith. It did—for Mr. Griffith; be-

cause he was able to make pictures that stood out boldly in comparison with his rivals' "program stuff," and thus struck a higher artistic level. But did the Motion Picture Patents Company oppose, thru every court in the land, the opening up of the motion picture producing field to the independent producer, because the "trust" wanted to safeguard that high artistic level?

Mack Sennett once titled one of his efforts "Who is Most to Blame?" That is the question suggested by Mr. Griffith's interview. His "nine-year-old" audience of old Biograph days has grown up. The theater is open to receive the product of the independent producer. But the motion picture producing director, with only an occasional exception, does not appear aware of the fact that the audience has grown up and is sitting with eyes wide open on the edge of his theater seat waiting for something really worth while to happen. On the contrary, the European producer recognized this fact in the "old days of the photoplay" and Ignatius Oes, American representative of the European Great Northern Film Company, was importing some remarkable Norwegian productions—the works of leading foreign dramatists presented by the most capable artists of the foreign stage. Pathé's French studio was sending over artistic productions in which the most capable artists of the Parisian theater appeared. European audiences in Germany, Russia, France, and the Norwegian countries have grown to accept the best drama, because the photoplay producers there have had the cour-

age to present, not spasmodically but consistently, the best in classic and contemporary plays. While this is happening abroad, one of the leading American photoplay makers solemnly "dedicates a block square studio in the interest of humanity," and proceeds to produce "While New York Sleeps." In this intellectual production we are invited to take a hand in the well-known badger game only to be supposedly surprised to find the leading male character is, after all, a detective. Of course we knew this from the first. A sop must needs be thrown to the police, otherwise this artistic photoplay produced in the interest of humanity would have been banished from the screen by the vigilant police censors. Yet the dear public flock in crowds to see what happens in "While New York Sleeps," when a few months before you could not drag them into the theater to witness the screen presentation of "Evangeline" or "Les Misérables" produced at the same studio with

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Photograph by Hoover Art Company

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

International Interest In Contest

THE 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest is now in full swing. This is our third contest and the interest remains unabated. In truth, the interest has never flagged since their inception in 1919. The other two contests now belong to history, and it is to the new one we willingly turn our attention.

We have already received thousands of photographs from which to select the second honor roll of this year's contest. SHADOWLAND presents: Marilyn M. Munson, 136 Perry St., Fostoria, Ohio, and Fern Ferguson,



The interest in the latest Fame and Fortune Contest continues. This month SHADOWLAND presents its newest honor roll: Top, Marilyn M. Munson, of Fostoria, Ohio; and left, Fern Ferguson, of Los Angeles, Cal.

son, 961 Sanborn Ave., Los Angeles, California, as the winners for this month.

Miss Munson is a dancer and has had some stage training. She is a real Titian haired beauty with the coloring that should go with red hair, but seldom does, very fair skin and grey green eyes.

The versatile Miss Ferguson has been an artist and photographer's model, and has done bits for Crane Wilbur, besides serving at one time as a Christie bathing girl. All this aside from being a professional dancer. She is a slender brunette.

The laws of beauty are as fixed as mathematics. It is determined first by line, second by color, and third by expression. Any face therefore, that complies with these rules, is beautiful. That much is perfectly simple. We cannot all recognize and pay tribute to faultless beauty. We do not all know the rules. A face may deviate from any or all of these rules and still be pretty. Mere prettiness knows no laws, and it has of necessity, a wider appeal, since it is comprehensible to every one. But right here, is where taste plays its part; for what is pretty to one is not to another.

That is why we have more than one judge. Agreeing with the ancient adage, "There is safety in numbers," we have asked a number of prominent people to be judges.

We have confidence in their taste and
(Continued on page 70)

Photograph by Van Dyke, Los Angeles



Photograph by Arthur F. Kales

TED SHAWN
In an Indian Dance Study

My Lady Fashion

By
The Rambler

WE, from necessity, not choice, have confined our winter sports to our own locality or pursued them in ease and comfort by our own fireside. We have, in quiet moments, visualized Palm Beach with its glorious sunshine; its fragrance of orange blossoms and scent of the sea; its days of idle charm; long evenings of gilded sunsets; of moonlit, exotic gardens, of brilliant ball-rooms. We could fancy the laughter of care-free women, modishly clad—the smart sweater suits, fresh, exquisite frocks of swisses and colored linens, wide flowery hats that belong at this season, only to the wonderful South—a lovely greenhouse in the midst of frozen winter.

Only in the shop windows may we find tangible evidence of the trend of the mode. Captivating outdoor costumes, hinting of delightful spring modes to come; new fabrics of lighter weaves; early spring suits; silks, crepes, linens—a riot of colorful softness that will take the form later of sports clothes, summery frocks and gowns for evening wear.

One thing the zealous fashion reviewer is forced to admit. Women the world over have decided in favor of the easy-fitting, graceful straight-lined model as the basis of all modern fashion. And, in spite of the fact that a detail is borrowed, now and then, from this costume period or that, in an attempt to adapt the style tendencies of past days, it has been only a temporary novelty—and there is no historic precedent for the graceful modern costume. It is the expression of the freedom and frankness

Eveningwrap
of chinchilla.
Posed by
Allyn King

Photograph by
F. E. Geisler





Both photographs by F.E. Geisler

of the unhampered body of the modern woman.

Every woman to be well dressed must have a street suit or a serge dress with a smart coat for street wear, a satin costume for afternoon and informal dinner occasions and an evening gown of velvet and lace or tulle and satin.

As for the serge frock, the simpler it is the better. It must, however, have some touch that lifts it out of the commonplace and makes it interesting. One little day dress has narrow bands of red embroidery, a slit skirt showing blue satin at one side and a gold cord at the waistline. Others are trimmed with elaborate soutache braiding and embroideries in black and blue. Interesting ribbons in mixed colors are used for girdles on serges and stitched to the frocks in the form of folds.

To change from the cloth dress of the winter into a frock of satin or crepe de Chine is

very refreshing. The satin dress is always more or less a mid-season affair and is a welcome change at the point where economy ceases to be a virtue—where we do not have a feeling of pleasure in our clothes—and a change we simply must have.

Some of the very newest satin models are in black, taupe, blue and dull bronze with an overdress in redingote style, embroidered in floral designs or in large squares with silk threads of white, black or bronze. The redingote is open from neck to hem, revealing a tight foundation of the satin, and is caught at the waistline with a narrow velvet ribbon which ties in a bow at the left side. The flowing sleeves are three-quarter length.

"Lace is always good," says fashion, and the vogue for the lace evening gown is very pronounced. Whereas in the past, it was made over satin, velvet or metal-cloth furnishes the present day foundation for these attractive gowns. Very effective is black Chantilly over a foundation of green; a full skirted frock of white net over black; of black net over silver-cloth; of black chiffon with bright hued flowers.

As an evening fabric, chiffon is wonderfully wearable, its texture and color increase in loveliness under candle light and it may be simply or elaborately treated.

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Belasco Presents "Deburau" and Barrie Reveals "Mary Rose"

(Continued from page 57)

naively retitled "Camille" in our own land. Not only does the Lady of the Camelias move thru the Guity drama but we see Armand Duval and even flashes of Victor Hugo, George Sand and other contemporaries of that gilded day.

It is difficult to transcribe the sheer artistry of the Belasco production. It is done with matchless taste and discretion. Mr. Belasco selected Lionel Atwill for the Deburau. Mr. Atwill's performance is not French in temperament nor is it the thing of delicate grace one might anticipate. But, withal, it is an admirable characterization, one of the best performances it has been our pleasure to see in the theater. It is marked by a charm of manner, a musical voice and an excellent sincerity. It grows in force, reaching a fine height in Deburau's instructions to his son on his art and his public, wherein Guity sounds the essence of his philosophy of the theater.

The whole surrounding company is flawless. Elsie Mackay actually takes one's breath away as the courtesan who died so tragically at twenty. Here is a performance of Watteau exquisiteness. There are innumerable other admirable bits, as Morgan Farley's playing of the son, John L. Shine as a doctor, and Helen Reimer as the sentimental old *caissière* of the Théâtre des Funambules.

Sir James Barrie's newest dramatic contribution, "Mary Rose," has aroused all sorts of critical discussion, pro and con. We quite agree with the learned authorities who pronounce this eerie and uncompromising fantasy to be some planes below the Barrie of "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella" or even "Dear Brutus."

It depends upon your Pollyanna needs as to just what message you get out of "Mary Rose." That is, you will either think Barrie is driving home the gentle philosophy that time heals all wounds and happiness always breaks thru or you will suspect that he is actually touching upon the bitter forgetfulness of humanity.

Far be it from us to attempt to outline the whimsy. Barrie does not intend it to be taken literally. It is simply the story of a young wife who disappears upon a strange isle of the outer Hebrides—a place of ill repute among the country folk—only to return to her family twenty-five years later, unchanged and as young and fresh as upon the tragic day of a quarter of a century before. But she finds her parents old and life weary and her husband strange and grey, indeed, they have all suffered—and forgotten.

There are touching moments of pathos in "Mary Rose." We found it distinctly

interesting, but we hesitate to recommend it impersonally. It will depend upon you whether it leaves you puzzled or moved. But we think you will agree with us in resenting the way Barrie refers to a visitor from the other world as a "ghostie." The critics banged away unmercifully—and unjustly—at Ruth Chatterton as the ever-young Mary Rose. We liked her playing of the part and also admired Tom Nesbitt, who played both the husband and the son of the fantasy.

There were other productions. Charles W. Godard and Paul Dickey's melodrama, "The Broken Wing," for instance. This is about an American aviator who falls in Mexico, right thru the first act setting, and loses his memory and his heart at one stroke. This is not much as a drama but we suspect it will make a lovely movie thriller.

And there was Clare Kummer's "Rollo's Wild Out," anent a strange youth who wants to play Hamlet. This is in Miss Kummer's typical cream-puff manner, diverting here and there but very thin dramatic fare on the whole. We thought Roland Young rather good as the youth with the awful mania, but we failed to see why the critics raved so over Lotus Robb as the lady of the tale. But that name is intriguing.

We found "Lady Billy," the piquant little Mitzi's newest musical vehicle, to be decidedly ingratiating. It is fresh and enjoyable, with beguiling music. And, of course, there is the vivacious Mitzi, that excellent comedian, Sydney Greenstreet, as a deliciously solemn butler and a newcomer, Beatrice Constance, in a neat character bit.

"The Champion," the newest vehicle of Grant Mitchell, we found to be turgid and old-fashioned. This comedy by Thomas Loudon and A. E. Thomas deals with the returned prodigal son of an aristocratic British family. Said prodigal turns out to have won his fame and fortune as a pugilist in America. It is labored and exaggerated farce. However, we fall down before the beautiful Ann Andrews and offer up our humble praise.

Nora Bayes' effort, "Her Family Tree," switches back, à la "As You Were," to various eras of the past, even embracing the well-known episode of Noah's ark. This gives the jokes of the entertainment a distinct historical interest.

We can not understand, for the life of us, why these Winter Garden entertainments continue so banal. Take the newest, "The Passing Show of 1921," for instance. Here is another revue which tries to travesty current attractions and events but falls down with a dull thud. An excellent low comedian, Harry Watson, is

buried with two brief bits. The chorus, except for one number, discards stockings altogether. We had no idea legs could be so lacking in imaginative appeal.

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 62)

CREPE DE CHINE

Crepe de Chine promises to be worn all spring and summer and seldom has any fabric been so graciously received. Early last year it was manifest that crepe de Chine was to have a big vogue. By mid-summer, it was not only the crepe de Chine dress, but also the crepe de Chine cape that became a summer success. In the fall, crepe de Chine mantles of tissues and fur were lined with crepe de Chine and it was used for foundations of dresses of lace and metal novelties. And now it looks as if crepe de Chine might be the big seller in 1921, taking the place in no small degree of voiles, taffetas and foulards.

Women like this dainty and becoming fabric because it so readily lends itself to almost any mode and is adaptable for every occasion. Some of the most successful models are of the surplice bodice, draped princess type, with the sash tied at the side. A charming but simple afternoon dress is nothing more than a little chemise, with a low yoke and pleated fullness set on to form the blouse front and side panels. The distinctive mark of this model is given by the sash which has two pleated panels attached at each side to fall over the two side-pleated panels. This sash goes twice around the figure and knots at the right side low on the hips.

COTTONS COMING BACK

With the coming of early spring and the showing of gay cottons with their enticing freshness of color, the urge to make or plan pretty summer dresses possesses every woman's heart.

There has been remarkable achievement in the manufacturing of materials during the past year. But while the weaves are fine and unusually beautiful, the real achievement is in the dyeing. It is difficult to give an idea of the hundreds of delicate hues. It is said that one organdie alone comes in sixty-three shades. Other organdies are in fancy checks and brocaded in patterns of the handsomest silks.

All the new tones, brown, rust, orange, are seen in cotton materials. Drop-stitch voiles in beautiful shades are being effectively worked out in copies of French lingerie frocks. There is an English print, like a fine batiste, beautifully printed, in all the colors of land or sea. There are old-fashioned challis patterns with quaint old-time appeal. Swisses, always a favorite with the American woman, are seen in wonderful shades of henna, sapphire blue, browns and red.

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Lines o'

Beauty



ONE thing is sure. Helen of Troy did not have a rough skin, chapped lips or a red nose. If she had, the chances are that Troy would have stood a great many years longer. It is hard to care for the skin in winter, especially as we have it here in America. Constant change of temperature, steam-heated houses and apartments, reckless disregard of the care of the skin before and after being exposed to the cold, plays havoc with the sensitive skin of the American woman. This is especially true in early spring, beginning with March—the month that “comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion”—or vice versa.

Protection is the best plan of action against the raids of raw, biting winds. There is no need for chapped skins, cracked lips, pinched cheeks, a nose the hue of the blush rose—a general weather-beaten appearance. The skin can be so safeguarded during the cold months that milady may enjoy the seasonable pleasures and sports of winter without the loss of the clear, velvety texture, the peachblow coloring of her naturally lovely complexion.

Many of the best beauty specialists have an aversion to the average soap. “Don’t use water on the face” they say—“especially in cold weather.” They recommend a variety of creams, tonic lotions, astringents—each one has some specialty of her own. In cleansing the face, as in other matters pertaining to the toilet, it is necessary to use discrimination and common sense. If there is a special soap that agrees with the skin, there is no better or quicker remedy for a dirty face. But, generally speaking, it is better to use a good cleansing cream before going out in the cold—a protective cream. There is a wide choice in these creams and one should be chosen that will meet the individual need.

Every skin needs the reinforcement of skin food for times of exposure. If the skin is thin, dry, its natural lubricant is deficient and it needs a nourishing cream. Massage the cream well into

the skin and apply a special lotion that braces the skin to withstand the wind and cold, then dust with powder. If the skin is abnormally oily, apply cream, then wipe off and apply a mild astringent before powdering.

When returning home, do not wash the face in soap and water. Use a good cleansing cream, plenty of it. Remove with a soft towel. Again apply a small quantity of cream, allowing it to remain on the face if possible while you rest and relax. Afterward, the face may be washed with a special complexion soap or the cream may be removed with a skin toning lotion. Finish by powdering. Ice should not be used on the face even for sagging muscles, in cold weather. Instead, dip a soft cloth in cold water, then in skin toning lotion and apply freely to the face and neck.

The rule of protection applies to the lips too, the membrane of which is the tenderest part of the face—for it is much easier to prevent cracked lips than it is to cure them. The best rule is never to go out in the cold without first covering the lips with a balm—a thin film of soothing substance thru which the cold winds cannot penetrate. It not only safeguards the outer membrane of the lips against cracks and sores, but is an excellent remedy when these have already appeared. An uncolored lip-stick is better than a colored one—and a medicated one is still better.

In caring for the hands in cold weather, be careful of the extremes in temperature. Don’t come in from skating, tobogganing, or walking, hands numb with cold, and stretch your hands over the open fire or radiator.

Rub them together first to start the blood circulating. The hands should be protected against the cold before going out, the same as the face. For this purpose there are many creams, lotions and jellies. As a rule, lotions containing glycerin should be avoided as it has extraordinary moisture absorbing properties.

It is a pity that we must wash our hands so often, but
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My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 63)

markable reds. Brown Swisses will be very popular during the summer. Medium and pin dots are still most liked.

Calicoes, formerly the plebeian material of which morning dresses were fashioned, have found their way into exclusive dressmaking circles of late years. Time was, when a calico dress was a mark of servitude, but now, it is received in the best circles, and there is almost a limitless choice of patterns and colorings this year. Unusual is one with a deep orange background, having a hairline stripe of white and small figure in black.

SKIRTS AND SLEEVES

Skirts are as short as one pleases, or of almost ankle length with a sudden lift in the back or at one side. Among the novelties of the season are many quaintly fashioned sleeves. There is the peasant sleeve, close at the shoulder, soft and full from a point above the elbow to the wrist and then gathered into a band. This is delightfully appropriate when fashioned of summery fabrics.

While two-thirds of the season’s sleeves are to be long, there is a powerful one-third minority of short and three-quarter length. Some of the evening gowns show a very short, very crisp puff just below the shoulder. And there is the sleeve of three-quarter length which fits the upper arm closely, but grows somewhat broad at the elbow and finally flares below. It is often festooned with narrow fringe or puffs of matching fabric or is adorned with motifs of embroidery.

Undersleeves of sheer batiste or net closely gathered at the wrist are charming for frocks that are to be worn without wraps and will doubtless appear on many of the first cloakless frocks of spring.

CAPTIVITY

By Le Baron Cooke

My friends surround me
With a wall of affection,
While I dream
Of breaks for freedom.

SEEDS

By Betty Earle

Life, the Giver, gave me three
Seeds: Love, Hate, and Jealousy.

The first in carelessness I threw;
It died with neither tear nor dew.

The second fell on stony ground;
Thorn-trees pricked and hedged it round.

The third I planted in my heart;
When I let the tendrils start.

So greedily they wound about,
They shut the whole wide world without.

Editor’s note: Owing to an error, due credit was not given for the creation appearing on page 58 of the February SHADOWLAND. The caption should have read: Posed by Sadie Mullen for Bonwit Teller & Co.





PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

(February 1, 1921, to May 1, 1921)

Romance (Fatty) scenario in

"Brewster's Millions"

Adapted from George Barr McCutcheon's story and Winchell

Smith's play

Dorothy Gish in

"The Ghost in the Suits,"

Cecil B. De Mille's Production,

"Parolemen Faint"

Jeanie Macpherson's greatest

work

A Cecil B. De Mille Sensation,

"Douglas MacLean in 'Chloe'"

Adapted from the Saturday Eve-

ning Post story, "Patricia Miller"

A Compositon Production

"The Paganini Legend"

from the story by Samuel Merwin

Charles Majors' Production

"The Kettlebells"

Adapted from John Fox, Jr.'s

famous novel

Ethel Clayton in

"The Price of Poisoning"

A Hugh Ford Production,

"The Faith Healer"

George Melford's Production of

Win. Vaughn Moody's famous play

"The Call of Youth"

Theda Bara's Production

Henry Arthur Jones' play

Thomas Melville in "The Easy

Road," Another splendid Tom

Melville Production

"Straight in the Way," A Compo-

sition Production of the story by

Ethel Watts Mumford Grant.

Wm. S. Hart in "The Valley of the

Monks," Mr. Hart's own pro-

duction of a story of the North-

west Mounted Police.

Max Murray in "The Gilded Lily"

A Basing story of New York at

its gayest. A Robert Z. Leonard

Production

Dorothy Dalton in "The Tasse-

lure An absorbing story of Arabian

dance halls.

"Ben Hur,"

Louis Joseph Vance's great story.

A William De Mille Production

"What Every Woman Knows"

Mr. James M. Barrie's play charac-

teristically produced and acted, with

Lola Wilson and Conrad Nagel.

Romance (Fatty) Arbuckle in

"The Dollar a Year Man"

Mystery and melodrama check

full of thrills.

A Compositon Production

"Bud Treadwell"

Marion Davies in a novel and

celestial romance.

A John S. Robertson Production

"Ben Hur"

Mr. James M. Barrie's wonderful

romance and cruel brought to life.

A William D. Taylor Production

"The Whistling Boy"

Elliot Dexter in Augustus

Thomas' greatest drama.

Douglas MacLean in "The Home

Stretch," A Thomas H. Ince

Production from Charles Belmont

Davis' story.

"Wallace Reid in

"The Love Riddle"

From Frank Searleman's story.

"A Thomas H. Ince Production

"Count me in on that!"

NOT one member of the family wants to be left home when it's Paramount night at the theatre.

That's the night you are all sure to get your money's worth.

Paramount schedules romantic trips for you every few days—trips into the adventurous lives of the rich, the bold, the brave and the fair.

Some strange drama of life which might happen in a mansion of Mayfair, a chateau in Normandy, a bungalow in Calcutta, a country club on Long Island, or the savage depths of Africa, is all visible in Paramount Pictures.

Your craving for healthful adventure is being well planned for by Paramount.

Never forget that the very greatest motion pictures, the kind you wouldn't care to miss, can only be made by an organization of world-wide scope, such as Paramount's, which counts no cost and shies at no difficulty or danger to

make your Paramount schedule an unbroken tale of thrilling entertainment.

Don't be among those people who let their photoplays choose them; that is, they go to the theatre without knowing what's on.

Choose the Paramount Pictures, choose the Paramount Nights.

Those nights are as great as the nights called Arabian, nights of pleasure so enthralling as to take you completely out of yourself into the enchanted land of Let's Pretend.

It is a simple matter to follow the Paramount schedule. Keep tab on the newspaper advertisements of your theatre and look for the phrase "A Paramount Picture."

You will notice this also in the theatre's lobby and on the posters.

Those are the nights to go!—The nights your theatre shows Paramount Pictures!

Paramount Pictures



The Moral and the Immoral Photoplay

(Continued from page 58)

every thoughtful attention to artistic detail. This perhaps proves, after all, that Mr. Griffith is right in his contention that the production of artistic pictures is a philanthropic rather than a commercial enterprise.

So to answer the question of "Who Is Most to Blame?" for the age of our motion picture audience, let me point out that when the motion picture producer grows up and "puts on long pants" the audience also will reach the age of puberty. But if the motion picture producer continues to follow his illustrious brother of the legitimate stage—oh, well, what is the use of prophesying! You can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Put half a dozen or a dozen plays by Shakespeare, Molière, Ibsen, Hauptman, Brieux and Synge on Broadway in competition with Ziegfeld Polies, the Winter Garden, and the Shubert and Belasco perennial clap-trap and the former would prove losing box-office attractions. Put them on by themselves and there will be a chance of establishing an intelligent audience. You would have to go to see them or stay in your flat. You couldn't do that for long. The appeal of the theater would take you to the theater. The motion picture now has a unique opportunity. It is a food of psychological necessity. A concerted effort for intelligence on the part of the picture makers would go a long way toward creating an intelligent audience. True, it would be at first by way of shoving an apple down a rebellious cow's throat. She would have to get used to it and learn to like it. At the present level of picture production, before the cow gets the apple she is likely to lose her cud.

Evangeline Booth says, "A man may be down, but he is never out," and, praise God, in the picture field someone occasionally "puts a dime on the drum." The National Board of Committee on Critique has placed some pictures on its list of exceptional photoplays during the last month and the death rate of ex-bartenders and butchers is said to be high, so we may live to see the day when the "Griffiths, Tourneurs, Tuckers, Vidas, Fitz Maurices" and other directors with artistic aspirations may get together and dictate to the powers that be below the financial dead line.

MR. GRIFFITH ON SCREEN MORALS

By WILTON A. BARRETT
Review Secretary, National Board of Review of Motion Pictures

Mr. D. W. Griffith, in an interview published in *SHADOWLAND* the other month, made a few remarks that should prove rather staggering to those within and without the film industry who have been pointing to motion pictures, in blissful

ignorance or with their tongue in their cheek, as "the new art." Somewhere in our memory we seem to hear the director of "The Birth of a Nation" himself speak in this wise. But that is all the more reason why the *SHADOWLAND* interview should be regarded as the most candid utterance upon the past, present and future of the motion picture in America so far made by one ensconced at the head of the industry. Even suppose that his pessimism is a little gaudy, his pathos surrounding the position of the poor producer tinged with the sentimental (his lily-and-rose subtitles of the last years might surely be expected to cloud with incense to some extent the speech of clear truth), what he says bears evidence of cold self-thinking, of experience that has had a touch of the genuine bitter, and of a sophistication that comprehends the pleasant irony of art and "the public."

But it is on the revelation, found in his remarks, of Mr. Griffith as an essential moralist that we propose to comment—the revelation of Mr. Griffith as a person of real insight into what constitutes the function of that force we call morals and into what affords the proper utilization of an art or a medium of expression in the cause of a better morality. What he has to say here is so distinctly stimulating that it sounds almost original as against the background of hollow echoes by which the motion picture industry, in parrot chorus, is heard proclaiming its ares as "superb!" "sublime!"—"superb!" "sublime!" or "the sweetest story ever told!"—"the sweetest story ever told!" It is a slap at every producer or director who has tagged himself preacher or artist and then gone ahead and produced something he calls "When Hell Sleeps" or "The Harp of Passion." Mr. Griffith, indeed, has slapped himself—this time, not between the shoulder blades. Probably he is the first man in the history of motion pictures who in cold print has achieved this feat.

"Photoplays, spoken dramas and books which deliberately strive for mob success are aiming at downright immorality. Consider 'Pollyanna,' for instance. I personally think 'Pollyanna' is the most immoral story ever produced on the screen. It teaches a false philosophy of gilded bunkum. Its reasoning, if applied to actual life conditions, will handicap its believers and leave them actually menaced."

Harsh words, Mr. Griffith, but true; not applicable to the shortcomings of public taste and your accomplices of the third or fourth largest industry only, but also more biting to the reformers, the criers out after censorship, the holy moralists with their cudgels and righteous standards, than anything said or shown in "Intolerance," that writhing, tortured,

hopelessly sentimentalized, analogous, unreasoned, but aspiring, gorgeous, and courageous effort to admonish from the motion picture screen a hypocritical world and spit forth boiling spleen at all the meddlers and the condemners who have trampled on beauty, unseeing, in every age throughout time.

The above quoted words of Mr. Griffith should be made to do the service that his daring photopanorama was intended for. They should be published broadcast, in the name of morality, against those would-be reformers and intolerants of the motion picture who are the chief participants in the conspiracy to keep "the mental age of the average audience . . . about nine years." It is they who extoll the "Pollyanna" type of picture as an example of the "better film" devoutly to be wished. It is they who insist that its unreal, angelic heroine be the prototype for the big and little girls of the nation, and that no picture be allowed to be shown that does not revert to that old order that regarded young women as nuns, and children as small automatons with sawdust in their skulls, a sugar-bowl for a heart and an absence in place of an apparatus for the carrying on of the race—an order which, when children showed signs of possessing this last and not always the sugar-bowl and the sawdust, scowlingly regarded them as wearisome little devils stamped black with never a shade of the universal tabby.

Mr. Griffith sees the need of putting this tabby into the characters of the screen. He sees that it is the insistence of our moral preceptors that it be conspicuously absent not only from our screen but also from our older stage and fiction, that has gone far to encourage our national penchant for the romantic and the illusory as an escape from the real life that besets us every day and about which we must gather to ourselves an awareness, if we may ever expect to achieve a happiness which is not specious and untrustworthy. This fear of seeing ourselves as we are, and not as we wish ourselves to be, is degrading. This is what Mr. Griffith is driving at when he says, "We often hear of the word 'immoral' applied to something salacious, but the real menace of immorality is in an entirely different quarter."

That quarter lies in our attitude toward our amusements. The menace is indicated not so much in our acceptance as in our preference for the "gilded bunkum." Because of this preference, the American stage has failed to develop an Ibsen or a Brieux or a John Synge, but has given us instead the Shuberts and Belasco. Likewise, the American screen will fail to give us the Griffith who is per-

(Continued on page 68)



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Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

(Continued from page 46)

JOHN: And you sent your higher Self speedily to the devil.

FRANK: If you can not be serious I shall not breathe another word. I said a lady came in who pleased me. She was charming; very good eyes, a Columbine-figure and well dressed. Furthermore she had the one quality I desire most in women, more even than absolute beauty. She was kissable, caressable. When you looked at her, you could at once imagine holding her in your arms. She did not only make you feel that she was a woman but also that you were a man. Well, you know what I mean . . .

JOHN AND MAX (hilariously): Of course we know, but that you should know, you—communing with your higher Self!

FRANK: Idiots. You don't deserve my confidences. Nevertheless—listen to my story. As I told you—that woman appealed to me and I was tempted to make her acquaintance. I felt I should by and by do so: some opportunity would surely offer itself. I should talk to her and tell her the most poetic things. She would inspire my fancy to the most delightful flights, and, as she looked extremely clever, I was certain she would admire me. And from this admiration would spring tenderness, and passion and—well, you know. I almost got up and walked toward her table, when—

MAX: I know, her beautiful eyes gave you a withering look.

FRANK: Not at all!

JOHN: Or another gentleman joined the alluring lady.

FRANK: No, not even this; but I was suddenly haunted, haunted by the consciousness of the eternal sameness of all things. Looking at this pretty creature, I remembered all my other adventures that had a similar beginning, and I clearly foresaw the end. Brr! Those eternal repetitions, how they weary the soul! I knew at once how the story would develop. The lady would first be distant, then, captured by my wit and esprit, she would make an exception and listen to me. Of course it is an exception, she would insist on that, and I would pretend to believe her. We would meet again and would continue to tell each other pleasant lies. After that, other meetings, and others . . . and at last we are quite intimate. Soon she knows all my faults and I—as woman is past-mistress in the art of deceit—I know a good deal of hers. And then our ardors slowly die down and we begin to bore each other. My cleverness which only yesterday she admired makes her yawn, her caresses, which only yesterday delighted me, I find almost irritating. After a month, perhaps, we look at each other thru disenchanted eyes and ask the eternal ques-

tion: "What is it I could have seen in her or him?" And we part. And since the parting is certain and inevitable, so I mused, what good is it to meet?

JOHN: That's insane.

FRANK: Not at all. Who does not benefit by his experiences is not worthy of them. The woman was delightful, I admit, yet I did not speak to her altho I noticed that her eyes, more than once, strayed in my direction. At last she got up and left the table.

MAX: At last!

FRANK: As she passed my seat she hesitated just for the fraction of a second and then gave me a smile of such sweetness . . .

JOHN: That you could not refrain from . . .

FRANK: Refrain from what? . . . The idea of the eternal sameness of all things made me quite cold and sad and weary.

MAX: You acted stupidly. . . .

FRANK: I acted like a philosopher! JOHN: Nonsense, you were not worthy of her. Where did you say you met her? In the Gotham? Or was it the Waldorf?

MAX: No, tell me! John is too dense to capture such a woman. Where did you see her?

FRANK: I shall never tell you.

JOHN: Why not? Seeing that she means nothing to you, the philosopher.

FRANK: That's right, mock me! A month has passed since all this happened.

MAX: And you have never seen her again?

FRANK: Why,—I've just come from her. Oh, the sameness, the eternal, wearying sameness of all things! Do give me another cigaret . . .

Is the Movie Colossus Collapsing?

(Continued from page 55)

better—screen dramas. Theaters will play these productions for much longer periods than at present.

Thus the "industry" will actually become an industry—and something of an art as well. Ability will go on being rewarded as before. The well-nigh fabulous salaries of the present will not drop, where the recipients of these salaries create a product making such remuneration profitable. It is not unfair for a player or a director to receive one thousand or two thousand or even fifty thousand a week, if this salary is a fair proportion of the profits. We are not with those critics who constantly compare the salary of a supreme court justice or a president with that of Mary Pickford or

Charlie Chaplin. "If the world receives enough happiness from Miss Pickford or Mr. Chaplin to warrant billion dollar salaries, then we believe these stars should receive them, all the supreme court justices and presidents to the contrary."

An interesting screen year is just dawning.

Lines o' Beauty

(Continued from page 64)

as we must, let us be sure that they are well dried each time, as the drier the hands are kept, the softer they will be. After the hands are washed and dried, rub into them a soothing lotion. Especially good is a preparation containing sulphur that not only soothes but bleaches. Other preparations contain menthol and camphor. This is not so sweet smelling as some of the new jelly-like lotions but is soothing and healing to badly chapped hands.

Some women wear retiring gloves of rubber. There is also a medicated mitt that is worn over a cream which is heated and applied to the hands while warm. It is said that the combination of the cream and the cloth of the mitt is especially good for tender, sensitive hands.

Again, we say protection. Proper care at the right time aided by appropriate preparations and the soft charm of your skin during winter and early spring will be a source of comfort and delight.

Personal attention and authentic information is assured readers of SHADOWLAND who write us on topics of interest to them. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Rambler, SHADOWLAND, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Moral and the Immoral Photoplay

(Continued from page 66)

haps quite other than the Griffith we know. A Griffith working free of the clutch of a "relentless practicability" (the need to meet the demand for "gilded bunkum" in order to make money). A Griffith, to wit, who, if he could, might be the man we are looking for—the artist who will help toward a truer morality by putting truth on the screen in a human way and without believing that "the production of a feature photoplay" must cost "a half million or more."

A MONOTONY

By Le Baron Cooke

The moon is sober-silver;
And my heart is dull-grey;
Even the wind, that brushes
The night,
Is the color of dust.



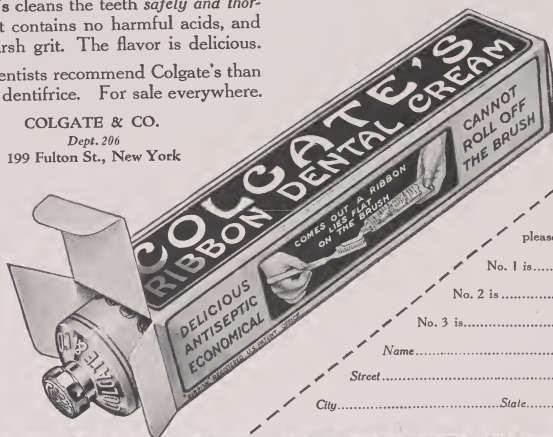
THESE motion picture stars may have many reasons for smiling, but their chief reason is that they have good teeth. If they did not have good teeth they would not dare to smile.

If you know these three movie favorites by their smiles, write their names on the coupon below, and mail it to us. Even if you get *only one* of them right, we will send you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, *free*.

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People, Puppets, and Pantomime

(Continued from page 50)

miscalculation of distance or of lighting would have wrought havoc with it; but it was from first to last superbly done. Looking at it, one felt that this was perhaps the only way in which the story of the New Testament could be told without offense. The characters were not substantial flesh and blood, but figures of strange mystery, moving as in a dream."

The present trend of musical shows seems to be toward scantiness of lines and more spectacular staging; further training of the Poor Old Public to use eyes rather than ears. This is not a plea for a race of playgoers denuded of hearing apparatus, because pantomime, to be complete, should be based upon and controlled by music. Consider the present "Greenwich Village Follies." Strip it of the Tommygray wheezes, discard the discordant interpolations of vaudeville acts, and you have a series of beautiful Anderson-Reynolds-Locker pictures. Kick a little more related comedy into the action, even tho it be of the Keystone variety, and you have an evening's pleasant entertainment, minus its present disturbing incongruities. The critics generally said that the best bits of the "Greenwich Village Follies" were the Russian and Persian stage pictures and the mask dances of Margaret Severn: what are all these but pantomime?

The wordless play is fairly easy of construction. Like the movie its real success depends upon intelligent direction. It is a great deal easier to teach the average Thespian how to use his face than to instill in him the rudiments of phonetics. Even if you do accomplish the latter Herculean task, think of the ridiculous lot of words the usual Winchell-Smith-Margaret-Mayo-George-Scarborough type of play consists of.

As to material for pantomime, there are dozens of medieval plays and folk tales that would appeal to the present day audience.

"We haven't changed a bit
From the churls who thronged the pit
In far-off Elizabethan day."

True, we cant imagine Shaw writing wordless plays. Confined to a mere scenario, St. Bernard would probably explode. Maybe the Mencken-Nathan duo could be induced to close their word shop and prepare pantomime plots.

While on the subject of pantomime, there are many of us who believe, along with Gordon Craig, that the theater will soon go pantomime one better and trust the beauties of poetic fancy to no human phonetic imperfections or meaningless strummings and gesturings. Then will come the heyday of the puppet, the era of the marionette.

At the moment of writing, we hear that puppets are to be employed in a new play that will star Mrs. Fiske. The author and Mrs. Fiske have concluded

that the unfolding of the plot might distract interest from certain subtleties of the play, so they are paraphrasing the story of the play in a prolog, which has been given a setting of the Stone Age and which is interpreted by marionettes. Thus the unity of the play is preserved by the expedient of a preliminary excursion into puppetry.

International Interest In Contest

(Continued from page 59)

implicit faith in their judgment. Moreover, we know that they are able to recognize "screen possibilities," which is something entirely apart from beauty or even prettiness.

It would be stupid to deny the value of beauty and grace. But they alone are not enough. There must be something behind the eyes of these young aspirants, who look so hopefully toward the future.

First, they must have the much harped upon personality. They must have at least a spark of the divine fire, and they must have intelligence and ambition, in order to succeed.

But every woman is a potential moving picture star, and lacks only the chance to prove it. That is what this glorious Fame and Fortune Contest does for her, or him, for that matter, since it is open to both men and women as well as children, of any age or condition. It is YOUR chance.

In every issue of all of the Brewster Publications: *SHADOWLAND*, *Motion Picture Magazine*, and *Motion Picture Classic*, we will print the rules and regulations of this contest. They are clear and concise enough for any one to understand. Read them carefully. And regard the warning to send your pictures in early.

MY BLOSSOMS

By Betty Earle

Out of the midnight you came to me,
You and your thousand blossoms;
Straightway a path stretched mistily,
Shimmering wide with blossoms.
A limb of light the roadway spanned,
Stars leaped up from a barren land,
And those were stars you put in my hand,
One with a thousand blossoms.

After the dawning—midnight again,
And nevermore my blossoms;
The dark throat silent lay, nor then
Might flutter the soft white blossoms.
The birds found out and could not stay,
The little stars folded their light away,
And nothing is left now—only the grey
Remembrances of blossoms.

The Princess and the Slave

(Continued from page 54)

ONE OF THE JANIZARIES:

(Stepping forward.) I have knowledge of that instrument. (He draws forth a flute.)

AMRU:

(To the janizary.) Do you know the tune called "The Bedouin's Bride"? (To Altor.) This time, with your permission, master, I shall compose the words only, and set them to a tune we all know well.

THE JANIZARY:

(To Amru.) The song which tells how the son of the desert stole the Princess of Palmyra away from her father! Is this the way it goes? (Plays a few bars.)

AMRU:

(To janizary.) That is the melody. Now play as I make up my song. (The janizary plays while Amru sings.)

AMRU (singing):

The Sultan's daughter went walking in the garden,

Went walking in the garden alone,
Sad because of her old, cruel father
Whose heart was only a stone.
(Like many a father's I've known.

Three fountains climbed in pillars of silver

And broke in showers of gold,
Ever falling, re-mounting, and falling
And shattering manifold
In their basins grey and cold . . .

"Who can tell, ere the wind is wakened,
What way the wind will blow?"

So sings the Lord of Poets, Saadi,

"With love it is even so"
(And Saadi ought to know).

"Ah, the curious heart of a maiden,"

Our Saadi further sings,

"That turns to slaves in a sultan's palace,—

When it should beat for kings
To some young slave it wings."

Now they had told the emperor's daughter

"The Prince comes you must wed,

To whom as a child you were bound by treaty

While still in your mother's bed."
(These were the words they said.)

There came a sound of stirring tree-tops,

And, down with a single bound,
Her father's new-bought slave she loved so

Dropped to the garden's ground . . .
A silence fell profound . . .

"Amru, you? . . . my love, they will slay you"

"Nay, true love never fears."

"Ah, but there's not one tree in this garden

(Continued on page 72)

Wanted—5,000

Motion Picture Ideas By the World's Leading Producers

THIS is in substance what the great moving picture producers are asking intelligent people everywhere today—"Why shouldn't you write as good or better picture stories than many you frequently see at the theatres?—why shouldn't you help maintain and raise the standard of this fascinating art while winning fame and making money?"

"Where have the present famous picture writers come from?—not from the literary field. They have come from the ranks of the theatre-goers, and we need more from the ranks."

"It matters not if you have never written a line for any purpose, or ever even thought of writing. Several beginners have sold their first efforts for hundreds of dollars."

20,000,000 People Daily

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WE must have 5,000 new stories to produce at once, for the demand is far exceeding the supply that the present writers can prepare.

20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily and they are calling for new plays. We must keep their interest if the art is to survive.

The opportunity to aid is yours. Who will rise to a new and perhaps "unexpected" success on this modern wave? Who is there who hasn't said to himself, "I am capable of doing something that I have not yet found, far better than anything I have ever done?"

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YOU—of the ranks—need to know but one thing to fit you for success in this new and wide-open field—how to put your ideas into the proper form required by producers.

For you have, and every person of average intelligence has, ideas that are good for stories. Learn how to arrange them in the accepted form and you can get your scenarios read by men who think nothing of money, but are searching only for plays that they can use.

THE PALMER PLAN of Photoplay writing teaches you mainly how to prepare your ideas for acceptance. Then as you progress it develops you in all the fine points of the art.

The Palmer Plan

IT is both a primary and finishing school, and it has discovered and brought out a number of star writers, among whom are: Mrs. Caroline Sayre of Missouri, author of "Live Sparks" (Kerrigan); George Hughes of Toronto, Canada; Paul Schofield, \$10,000-a-year scenario writer; G. Leroy Clarke, who sold his first

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This is the bureau to which producers come for photoplay stories—the great clearing house for idea material for the screen. Situated in Los Angeles, motion picture capital of the world and in constant touch with the great studios, this bureau helps to sell your work.

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story for \$3,000; Martha Lord of Salt Lake, now staff writer for Clara Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Ward of Boston, author of "Kerry Him Gussing" (Sennock); Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of an stories since his enrollment; Francis W. Ellish, author of "Wagered Love," purchased by D. W. Griffith.

WE have maintained a Marketing Bureau in Los Angeles, through which students can offer their stories to the big producers if they so desire.

Our Advisory Council which directs our educational policy is composed of Cecil B. DeMille, Thos. H. Ince, Rob Wagner and Miss Lois Weber. All are famous in the industry and would lend their aid to nothing that they would not use themselves.

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Motion Picture CLASSIC for April

There is a promise of something in the breeze, a quiver of growing things in the earth.

With the first breath of Spring comes hope and cheer and love.

It is the awakening of all that is pleasant.

It brings with it a desire to live and to laugh and be happy that the April CLASSIC may be the fulfillment of Spring's promise, laughter, happiness and life are condensed into its pages.

There is a vital atmosphere about the personality of

Lionel Barrymore

which is put into a story of compelling interest by

Frederick James Smith

The past, present and future of

Dorothy Phillips

who stars in her husband's productions is related in a remarkable story by

Adele Whitely Fletcher

ALLEN RAY, a winner of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 is the subject of an interview in the April CLASSIC—by Lillian Montanyne.

Gladys Hall has interviewed Margaret Beecher, and Elizabeth Peltret has interviewed Alice Lake, both stories appearing in the April number of Motion Picture CLASSIC.

"The Queen of Sheba" is fictionized into a delightful story.

The Answer Man with his fun and information is always worth reading.

Fresh and alluring as Eternal Spring, there will be ready for you

The April Number of Motion Picture CLASSIC

The Princess and the Slave

(Continued from page 71)

That lacks its eyes and ears."
(And she vied with the founts in tears.)

I wish to be alone with the women of the harem.

ALTOR:

"They will seize you, moon of my soul, and slay you!"

I shall die by then. But why—?

ZULEIKA:

As she spoke, the words came true . . . They surged upon him from over and under

(*Laughing strangely.*) I, too, Prince Altor, have my freaks and whims . . . (*flattering him.*) Knowing who you are a prince, and not a slave, quite unstrings my sinews . . . (*noticing the puzzled look in Altor's face.*) What, you do not doubt my love for you?

ALTOR:

By four . . . and three . . . and two . . . (There was nothing one could do).

And her father marched down the palace stairway,

After all that I have seen, that is the last thing I could doubt. But I had planned to take you as my wife straightway. But I shall do as you will.

Slow and solemn and grand,
To stand in fierce and austere judgment

With his court on either hand
(For such was the law of the land).

ZULEIKA:

"Alas, my daughter, that you are taken,
With a slave that soon must die,
A slave that in the open market

Then leave me now. I wish to walk under the young moon alone.

ALTOR:

It was my curse to buy . . .
What a great fool was I!"

"Nay, slay me, father, if you slay him,
I would not live a day
Beyond his doom." "False, recreant daughter

I go. The blessing of Allah wait upon you! (*Altor goes out. After waiting a moment, the real Amru appears at her side like a ghost.*)

ZULEIKA:

It shall be as you say!
But I'll give you space to pray."

(*Putting herself into his arms.*) My love!

AMRU:

And then, the supreme wonder happened,

A wave of laughter broke:
The Sultan laughed till he wept with laughing,
Then, in his great voice, spoke,
"Enough—we have had our joke!"

(*Stroking her hair.*) My little moon! . . . how well you acted your part. One would have thought that all along you believed him to be what he pretended to be—Amru, the slave!

ZULEIKA:

A slave! It is the young Prince Altor,
No slave that here you see.—
Unknown, he tried your heart, my daughter.—
Your lover, this is he,
Your husband soon to be!"

(*Amru ceasing, he is applauded and thanked for his song.*)

THE SULTAN:

(*Pleased.*) A worthy slave of a worthy prince!

PRINCE ALTOR:

For all occasions he can make a song.
(*The Sultan and his retinue go within. Amru follows them slowly.*)

ALTOR:

(*Alone with Zuleika.*) My delicate little moon, will you now forgive me the test I put you to? I grant there was somewhat of cruelty in it. And will you forgive me for taking the name of my slave Amru in order to try your heart?

Grudgingly he granted them to me.

AMRU:

That will give us a longer start. There will be nothing but blood and death in their minds when they see how they have been overreached.

ZULEIKA:

(*Half-jesting.*) These jewels that he gave me—they shall be my dowry.

AMRU:

Yes, yes, I forgive you. And now I have a test to put you to—for three days

My father's tribe in the South is poor.
(*Continued on page 73*)

The Future of the One-Act Play

(Continued from page 43)

fetters and shackling tradition. He gathered about him an ardent group of young men and women who had no definite ideas. But they were chaotic with irresponsible visions! They suffered from a malady peculiar to most new movements of the kind they were inaugurating—they lacked the wherewithal to embody their visions. Antoine, however, was persistent and indefatigable in his purpose. He put aside his weekly salary, or a goodly portion of it, and finally rented a wine-cellar where, amid pungent demijohns and wine-casks, the company held its first rehearsals.

In the evening Antoine and his associates would make a house to house canvass, distributing handbills. Out of such humble and unpropitious beginnings as these arose one of the most striking movements in recent theatrical history. The *Theatre Libre* gave to the world such playwrights as Eugene Brieux, George Ancy, Pierre Wolf and many others whose names are well known today to audiences all over the world. The *Theatre Libre* broke further ground by adapting Dostoyevsky and Tolstoi, hitherto known mainly as novelists, to the requirements of the theater and thus affording them a wider hearing outside of their native Russia.

In a spirit that amounted to a challenge to the legitimate theater, Antoine made a point of fostering the short play and so, in time, he came to produce the one-act plays of Strindberg, Schnitzler and Wedekind. After Antoine came Lugné Poe, who gave additional momentum to the brief play by organizing the first Workshop Theater, and in 1890, which is the red-letter year for the art theater in general, Stanislavsky, the great Russian producer, built the Moscow Art Theater.

Other theaters, possessed by the same ideals as was Antoine's Free Theater, came into being in other countries. The most important of these were Wyspianski's Theater at Cracow, The Convex Theater at Petrograd, J. T. Grein's Independent Theater and the Stage Society in London. It was the latter, it will be recalled, that brought Shaw's play before the playgoing public. Shortly afterward Max Reinhardt built the Deutsches Theater in Berlin, with an adjoining *kammerspielhaus* or small studio theater for purposes of experimentation. About this time Strindberg was putting on his gripping psychological one-act pieces at Holte, Sweden. No history of the one-act play would be complete without the inclusion of The Abbey Theater in Dublin which, under the benign direction of the poet William Butler Yeats, offered its stage to the younger Celtic writers, and it is directly to this genial influence that we owe the outstanding one-act plays of

John Millington Synge and Lady Gregory.

In view of the deepening hold of the one-act play upon European stages, it was only to be expected that the little theater idea—which is, as has been already noted, synchronous with the one-act play idea—should ultimately travel across the Atlantic and get a strong footing here. At present there are about one hundred intimate theaters in the United States. And these have given, and are giving today, a warm welcome to the one-act play. We have to thank the Neighborhood Playhouse of New York for the production of Lord Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn" and "The Glittering Gate," while the Chicago Art Theater, under the capable direction of Maurice Browne, gave us "Grotesques," that lovely poetic study in black and white by Cloyd Head.

Before he left for California to assume the duties of *regisseur* of the Greek Theater at Berkeley, Mr. Sam Hume, at the Arts and Crafts Theater in Detroit, devoted himself fervidly to encouraging the native one-act play. Mr. Hume is responsible for the discovery, among others, of "Mansions" by a hitherto unknown playwright, Hildegard Flanner. The East and West Players of New York have given us the unforgettable "Night" by Scholom Asch, the Jewish dramatist, and were the first group in this country to put on "The Magnanimous Lover" by St. John Ervine, author of "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg."

The Wisconsin Players, attached to the University of Wisconsin, created a school of dramatists of their own which brought to light the notable "Our Neighbors" by Zona Gale, who has since been widely heralded for her novel "Miss Lulu Bett" now being dramatized by the author. The Provincetown Players have made an irresistible bid for our admiration by producing "Aria da Capo" by Edna St. Vincent Millay and an exquisite Chinese pastel entitled "Three Travelers Watch a Sunrise," the work of Wallace Stevens. They have contributed a priceless largess of one-act plays: "Not Smart" by Wilbur Steele; "Money" by Irwin Granich; "Suppressed Desires" by Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cook, and the work of Eugene O'Neill. At the moment of this writing, "The Emperor Jones" by O'Neill is creating something of a sensation at the little playhouse on MacDougal Street.

A cursory glance at the type of plays mounted on the stages of the intimate theaters throughout the country will reveal, I think, that the contribution of the small playhouses is by no means negligible.

The old argument, which we have heard so often advanced even by observant critics, namely, that the ordinary

playgoer is loth to have his suspense or mood broken up by a bill of one-act plays, is scarcely tenable nowadays. By virtue of its sheer power to grip and move an audience, the one-act play has, so to speak, evolved its own market. People who attend the theater want above all to be entertained and stirred to the depths of their being. A three-ring circus will capture their interest as well as a thesis play by Galsworthy or Shaw.

The success of the motion pictures, moreover, may be adduced to show that a mixed audience (which, by the way, is the only ideal one) is quite content to sit thru a bill of two or more plays. Few motion picture houses restrict themselves to one screen drama.

Happily, the total of intimate playhouses all over the country is being rapidly enlarged, and these will always offer the beginning playwright, who is prone to choose this medium at first rather than the larger one, a market for his one-act play. Assuredly it is safe to predict that the experimental playhouse will gradually broaden the demand for the one-act play. And, finally, it is not stretching the imagination to the breaking-point to dally with the belief that Broadway will soon boast not one but several one-act play theaters.

The Princess and the Slave

(Continued from page 72)

But all our men are valiant. But before we escape, I must sing you the last stanza of my song.

ZULEIKA:

(Frightened.) That were foolhardy.

AMRU:

I must sing it, after I have gone to the pains of making it, just for you . . . for, but listen . . . far off the flute-player is playing it again.

ZULEIKA:

Sing it softly, then.

AMRU:

(Softly, to accompaniment of far-off flute.)

That same night, from that same hushed garden

With subtle heart and brave
The Sultan's daughter fled in secret

With the Prince's slave
To whom her love she gave!

(They steal out, hand in hand, as the curtain falls.)

END.

Motion Picture Magazine for April

"One swallow does not make a spring."

But many swallows and budding foliage and trees breaking into glad green smiles do make a spring.

And budding beauties and bright-shining stars and youthful hopes and romantic events make the April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE a real Spring number.

Who can help but feel the thrill of springtime in the personality of

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS

whose story is given in a subtle, colorful word picture by

Gladys Hall

The interview with

ETHEL CLAYTON

by

Adele Whitely Fletcher

is a revelation of a charming actress who has been declared "the screen affinity" of a thousand fans.

Gloria Swanson's first interview since the advent of a baby into her home is written by Hazel Simpson Naylor, and, of course, the influence of Baby Gloria shows in the new dreams of the star.

The first of a series of beauty articles by CORLISS PALMER, a lovely new star, will appear in the April number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

one of the greatest contemporary novelists, who has recently been signed to write for motion pictures, is the writer of the editorial.

Will Rogers' career is told by Maude Cheatham, and Lila Lee and May Allison shine with their characteristic brightness in new interviews.

"Man, Woman, Marriage," one of the greatest of new releases, an Allan Holubar production featuring Dorothy Phillips, is told in a thrilling story.

"The Gilded Lily" and "Trust Your Wife" are also novelizations of big new feature pictures.

Impressionistic sketches of stars and various departments make the number one of universal interest.

Spring calls you from the pages of

The April Number
of
Motion Picture
Magazine

Gotham Thru a Briton's Brush

(Continued from page 49)

Picasso, Matisse and Severini in Paris, and later with Epstein, Augustus John and Wyndham Lewis in London. Today he has broken away from all these earlier connections except his Parisian friends, in order to paint according to his own standards and vision, regardless of the formulae of schools and movements.

"I am convinced," he says, "that artists have paid too much attention to theories. Theories are all very well for bringing a new manner of expression to the fore, but when they become the masters instead of the servants of the artists, they assume an undue prominence. When they are followed too slavishly, they induce the artist to twist every subject to conform to their methods, whereas in fact each subject has its own most natural mode of expression."

Nevinson's great opportunity to paint the war from all its hideous and its human angles came largely by chance—by a fluke, as he calls it. He enlisted in 1914 as a private in the Transport Service. Ill health later reduced him to a hospital orderly, and still later he was attached to the French army. He was invalided home after his experiences in the front line and he forthwith set those experiences to canvas for his first war exhibition in October, 1916. Irrked by inactivity and even more by the continual re-examination which he knew would ultimately return him to the ranks, he begged a friend of his to obtain for him a commission. Altho hardly a connoisseur, this friend knew of his work as an artist and asked the War Office to commission him in that capacity. Summoned to Whitehall by a laconic message, Nevinson assumed that he was to be assigned to the so-called Artists' Battalion, an ordinary fighting unit, and said that would satisfy him as well as any other commission. To his amazement, he found that the War Office wished him to serve as the first official painter to the British Armies in the Field, with every branch of the service placed at his disposal, that he might make a pictorial record of the conflict at first hand. Other British artists, notably Sir William Orpen, were added later to the staff, but Nevinson had, over the rest, the incalculable advantage of the background of his service as a private, with all the intimate insight into the cold horror and futile bestiality of war that service alone could afford. His second and official exhibition of war paintings followed, bringing him into conflict with the censor, who objected to some of the most literal canvases, and with a certain share of the public who damned him as roundly for his truth-telling as others praised him. Against this opposition, he retained his post and painted for the nation his large canvas, "Harvest of Battle," which was hung in the Royal Academy in the winter of 1919. The Canadian War Memorials at Ottawa

also ordered five pictures, and his work today is visible as well in the British Museum, the National Gallery of British Art, popularly known as the Tate Gallery, the Imperial War Museum, the Luxembourg in Paris, the Leeds Art Gallery, the Manchester Art Gallery, the Dublin Art Gallery, the National Gallery of Canada, the New York Public Library and the Tokyo National Gallery. Since the war, but as token of his services therein, he attended the National Festival of Freedom in Prague, in company with H. G. Wells, Lord Dunsany and others, as a representative of the arts of Britain.

Nevinson's present attitude toward his war paintings is that of a service rendered, a task completed. He is no longer interested in that phase of his career, and he intends never again to paint a picture out of that experience. He is well and proudly aware of the intense interest which his panorama of war arouses in a public still vividly conscious of the horrors of war, imarticulate themselves in stating their determination to have no more of this madness, and eagerly clutching at and making their own this concrete and pointed protest. No one since Vereshchagin, the great Russian painter who died in 1904 when the Petropavlovsk was sunk by the Japanese at Port Arthur, has depicted so eloquently and exposed so relentlessly the frightful fallacy of war as Nevinson.

Flexible and suave and at ease physically, Nevinson is hard as steel when it comes to his artistic faith. Beneath his amiable and decisive British exterior, he betrays hardly a trace of his admixture of Spanish blood. His presence face to face with the savagery of war has not embittered him; instead, it has set his determination and his assurance more resolutely to paint life as he sees it. Life, rather than any single, narrow interpretation of it, is his absorbing passion. It is somehow fitting that his office in London is the Café Royal, that curiously democratic clearing-house of every type and every phase of British society where the night-walkers of adjoining Piccadilly and Leicester Square are just as much at home as high churchmen and peers of the realm and the king himself.

Nevinson's post-war manner is catholic to a marked degree. Occasionally he returns, as in his portrait of the Countess de —, to the meticulous detail of Holbein, which was his earliest inspiration. Once in a while, as in another recent portrait titled "Summer Night," he covers his canvas thickly, altho his prevalent method today is to let the bare or thinly covered canvas tell as much of his story as possible, an expedient which is characteristic of Matisse and which enables the artist in oils to achieve a water color effect and to lighten a dark color without the loss of luminosity which the use of

(Continued on page 75)

Gotham Thru a Briton's Brush

(Continued from page 74)

white entails. Altho he has broken away from Futurism as narrowly defined, with its simultaneous representation of successive moments in time and space, and from Cubism, as a literal and exacting theory, nevertheless, he is still a Futurist in the looser and more popular sense of a radical, and an independent in art, and a Cubist in his emphasis on the fundamental form of his subjects. New York, for instance, appeals to him usually, altho not invariably, as a vast study in blocks and planes, just as the trench and the howitzer and the aeroplane did during the war.

More than one observer of Nevinson's work has probably noted how the black and white reproduction of one of his paintings seems to be more distinctly Cubist than the same canvas in colors. I asked him whether he was conscious of this fact and what significance he attached to it, and he seemed greatly pleased to think that anyone had recognized this aspect.

"Yes," he said, "it is true that my paintings when reproduced in black and white reveal their Cubist skeleton and substructure, and this is the natural result of a deliberate aim on my part. I believe that the intelligent use of color can tone down the obvious crudities of a strictly Cubist technique and that color in a way can be made to serve as clothing for the skeleton."

Nevinson's regard for New York as the embodiment of the spirit of the age and as an inspiration to the artist born of that spirit has recently roused widespread comment and some animosity in England. In an article in *The London Daily Mail* he has declared his opinion that the architects of America "have produced a great and new art for which the American of this generation will always be remembered, long after most of our contemporary achievements have been forgotten." He has mastered the skyscraper, showing it toppling out of plumb, as it seems to the eye to do in its upper reaches, and sublimating its soul in ghostly continuations of its shaft into the air above it. And yet he feels that he has only begun to interpret our wonder city. The subway remains to be caught on his canvas, and all the nuances of the scenes which he has but hastily sketched.

"I could ask nothing more," he says, with the light of youth and imagination in his face, "than to live and work here the rest of my days."

PATHEIQUE

By Le Baron Cooke

We burned our love
To a cinder;
Now we are pitiful,
Seeking the artificial warmth
Of memory. . . .



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French Opera In America

(Continued from page 47)

The next morning found her an American celebrity (an "operatic Duse," they at once dubbed her), and she stayed through the season to sing a Carmen every week; and then returned repeatedly in other seasons. Most Americans when they say Carmen still think of Calvé.

"Roméo et Juliette" also was a great, great magnet, with Melba or Eames and the two de Reszkés. As for "Faust," some wit, inspired by Bayreuth's "Festspielhaus," called the Metropolitan the "Faustspielhaus" of Broadway. Can one wonder at that, with Melba, Eames, Calvé or Nordica for Marguerite, Jean de Reszké for Faust, Lasalle or Maurel for Valentine, and Edouard de Reszké or Plançon for Mephistopheles? Later, under the next tenor regnant, the house became in the phrase of another wit a Carusel.

When Mr. Gatti-Casazza became director of the Metropolitan, he did not at once soft-pedal the French repertoire; it dwindled by degrees. The lowest ebb came in the season of 1915-1916. Only three French operas were sung at the Metropolitan in French, and of the three, one, "Manon," was given once only and in a mutilated version. Since that season the French tide has risen somewhat. The entry of America into the World War and the wartime ban on performances in German at the Metropolitan made it imperative that the French repertoire be strengthened.

Out of a list of fifty works from which the repertoire of the present Metropolitan season of twenty-three weeks is chosen, twelve are French and to be sung in French. Not that all twelve will certainly be given. The either "Lakmé" or "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" may be revived; it is unlikely that both will be. Nor does Mme. Farrar now seem to care for the rôle of Thaïs. It is probable that the actual French repertoire for the Metropolitan for the present season will number ten operas.

Of these "Carmen," "Faust," "La Juive," "Le Prophète" and "Samson et Dalila" make a nucleus of standard works suited to a large theater. (Of "Carmen" it would be more accurate to say acclimated than suited, for "Carmen" was designed for the small stage and auditorium of the Paris Opéra Comique and there is in its own domain; but Bizet's masterpiece is strong enough in texture to endure such exaggeration as is necessary to get it across in a big house.) The popular "Louise" will be added for the first time to the Metropolitan repertoire (its previous performances on the Metropolitan stage have been by the visiting Chicago company). There is M. Albert Wolff's tuneful operatic version of Maeterlinck's symbolic play, "The Bluebird," with its sumptuous scenery by Boris Anisfeld. There is also that enchanting Arabian Nights opera "Mârrouf," most of

the enchantment of which is lost at the Metropolitan thru the miscasting of the name part. There is "Manon" revived last year. Finally, there is the probable revival of "Lakmé," which was revived only a few seasons back for Maria Barrantes, the Spanish coloratura soprano. If given now, it will probably be for Cora Chase, a young American coloratura soprano, who joins the company at mid-season. No new French work is announced.

The revival of "Louise" will have a certain importance, both because of the hold that work itself has on the American public and because of the pains the management will expend on the production.

Brought out in Paris in 1900, introduced to New York by Oscar Hammerstein in 1908, "Louise" has been a long time on its way to Metropolitan adoption. When the town was clamoring for it, the Metropolitan management mounted at great expense its still-born sequel, that incredibly borsome monstrosity "Julien"—why, it would be passing hard to say. "Louise" will now have as its chief interpreters Mme. Farrar in the part Miss Garden made famous, Mme. Berat as the Mother, Orville Harrold as Julien, and Mr. Rothier and Mr. Whitehill in alternation as the Father. This is as strong a cast as the Metropolitan could provide, and under the supervision of Albert Wolff, for years a conductor at the Paris Opéra Comique and so knowing everything that is to be known about how "Louise" should be performed, an authentic and effective production may be expected. But let us not forget that "Louise" is a new work only in so far as the Metropolitan company is concerned.

From the ranks of that company, numbering some eighty singers, the French are conspicuously absent. Mme. Berat, whose activities are principally limited to the portrayal of old women, and Mme. Delaunoy, identified chiefly with sourette parts, are the only Frenchwomen in the company, and Mme. Delaunoy is French by marriage, being by birth a Belgian. Among the male singers, only the bass Rothier is mentioned in the roster, though there is a possibility that the baritone Couzinou will return in the later course of the season. True, a number of the non-French members of the company are easily at home in French opera, three of them being Mme. Farrar, Mr. Harrold and Mr. Whitehill, and another is, of course, the Belgian comic tenor, Octave Dua. Nevertheless, the company as constituted is clearly not the ideal medium for nurturing performances in French.

So long as Campanini lived the Chicago Opera Association was the defender and promoter of French opera in this country. Oscar Hammerstein had brought modern French opera to America when he produced at his Manhattan, under the

(Continued on page 77)

French Opera In America

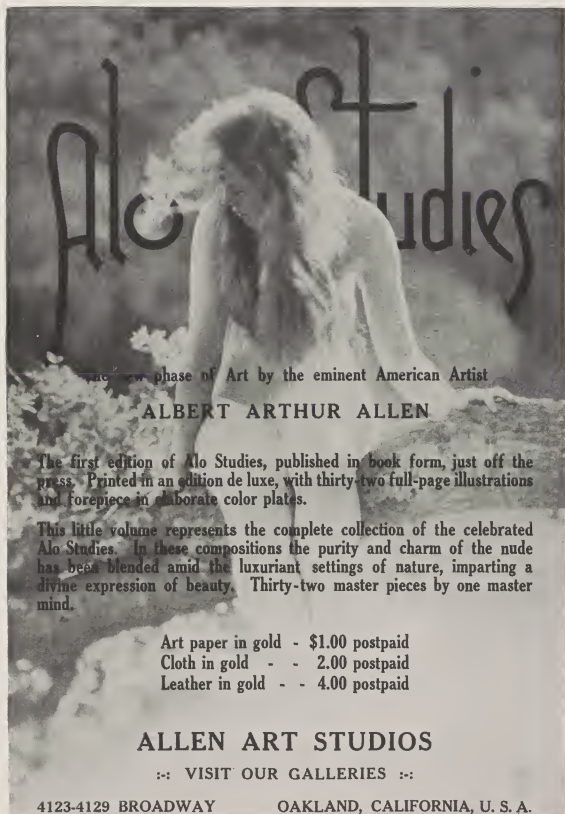
musical direction of Campanini, in two of its monuments—"Louise" and "Pelléas et Mélisande." Installed in Chicago, Campanini continued to build on the Hammerstein foundation and took over into the new company such eminent members of the Hammerstein organization as Mary Garden (not French by birth, but distinctly a French singer), Dalmorès, Dufranne, Huberdeau, etc. An Italian, Campanini became the patron of French opera in this country.

Miss Garden has not announced her policy for the Chicago organization, but her friendship for French opera is clear. The current repertoire of the Chicago Company boasts such operas as "Faust," "Manon," "Carmen," "Thais," "Roméo et Juliette," "Le Chemineau," "Monna Vanna" and Massenet's "Cléopâtre" sung in French. It promises revivals in French of "Lakmé" and "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." On its roster are the names of the divine Mary herself, of Yvonne Gall, a charming artist possessed of a beautiful soprano voice; of Lucien Muratore, the greatest tenor actor now in opera; of Albert Paillard, a young tenor from the Paris Opéra Comique; that nobly endowed baritone, Hector Dufranne, and of Edouard Coteuill, the bass. This is a pretty good showing.

The sinister omission in the Chicago prospectus—more sinister than the similar omission in the Metropolitan prospectus, because for years the Metropolitan has never pretended to be a defender of French opera—is the absence of new works from the list.

Last season the Chicago company introduced to America that delicious one-act masterpiece of Maurice Ravel, "L'Heure Espagnole." Mr. Gatti-Casazza had previously had the rights to it, but had always hesitated to give it in the Metropolitan. And there was some reason on the side of Mr. Gatti-Casazza for his discouraging attitude toward this particular French opera. "L'Heure Espagnole" is so light of texture and so intimate that it would inevitably suffer somewhat in an auditorium of the size of the Metropolitan. Furthermore, a baritone actor of a very distinct physical type, the strongman type, is indispensable to the effect of this opera. The Chicago Company frequents more intimate auditoriums than the Metropolitan and it had last season the requisite baritone in Alfred Maguenat. But the ironic improprieties of this perfectly delicious operatic jest offended the lake shore Mrs. Grundys deeply. They decreed Chicago must not hear it again. And so New York suffers in the train of Chicago when the visiting company goes thither.

There is some comfort in the prospect that next season the late Edouard Lalo's opera "Le Roi d'Ys" will be produced at the Metropolitan. The only wonder is it was not produced there long ago. Paris



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French Opera In America

heard it first in 1888 and New Orleans, so often the operatic forerunner of America, in 1890. The beauty of this score is known to visitors to the Paris Opéra Comique. It is rich in the imaginative suggestion of Brittany, for the subject is pure Breton, being a tragic story built around the legendary city of Ys, which the ocean buried and whose chimneys some sailors still detect on calm days faint-heard thru the waters.

Among operas of this century which are not given by either the Metropolitan or the Chicago company, I must mention specially Bachelet's "Scemo" and Raoul Laparra's "La Habanera."

The former, set to a pathetic story of a Corsican "innocent," is one of the most unusual and characteristic scores achieved by any modern French composer. Some Parisian judges do not hesitate to pronounce it the most original French opera since "Pelléas et Mélisande."

"La Habanera" is a Spanish story of fratricide and retribution. Laparra, a native of Bordeaux, has always been enamored of the neighboring country, Spain. He is drenched in Spain, drunk with Spain. Spain is his dream and his obsession. Like Wagner, he writes his own librettos, so he is at once the librettist and the composer of "La Habanera."

In a moment of jealousy over a woman, brother kills brother while without the house a street band blares a vulgar habanera tune. The survivor possesses the woman, but at what cost! He is continually haunted by the thought of his deed, nowhere can he escape it, and always the habanera, no longer a vulgar street tune, but the solemn hymn of fate, pursues him along with the thought—unto his own death. It seems a crime that New York has not yet heard this extraordinary work—a work musically and dramatically so eloquent that a dozen years ago the great Victor Maurel declared were he ten years younger he would make a tour of the world with it. "The whole tragedy of human existence is in that one opera," he said. But it could not be given without a singing actor approaching in ability Maurel himself.

There are but two of many interesting French operas neglected here. There are also the "Gwendoline" of Chabrier and the "Briséis" (a fragment, but magnificent). There is the entire ancient repertoire of Rameau, Gluck, and such a classic successor as Méhul. And I cannot close this brief survey without expressing a hope that we may yet have a revival of "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," which is really one of Maeterlinck's most appealing plays in its sympathy and its tender irony, and in its quivering human portrayal of the misunderstood woman, and as surely is one of the most masterly of modern operas, scores yet written, in or out of France, thanks to the great talent and the scrupulous art of its composer, Paul Dukas.

Book Reviews

Russia White or Red, by Oliver M. Saylor. Little Brown and Company, Boston, Mass.

The Russian Theater Under the Revolution, by Oliver M. Saylor. Little Brown and Company, Boston, Mass.

SHADOWLAND readers will be unusually interested in these two volumes from the pen of Mr. Saylor, who is now contributing a number of interesting articles to this magazine. Back in 1917, Mr. Saylor gave up his post as dramatic editor of *The Indianapolis News* and set out across the Pacific and Siberia for Moscow and Petrograd to study the Russian theater at first hand. After a series of remarkable experiences, he found his way back over the same route.

In spite of the political chaos, Mr. Saylor found the Russian theater in a remarkably productive state. His volume, *The Russian Theater Under the Revolution*, is unusually interesting to the student of the theater, giving, as it does, intimate glimpses of the Moscow Art Theater, the Moscow Kamerny Theater of Revolt, the Ballet in Moscow and Petrograd, etc. With guns sounding every day in the streets, Mr. Saylor saw "The Blue Bird" as produced by Stanislavsky, Oscar Wilde's "Salome" as done in cubist fashion at the Kamerny, and observed Turgenieff and Gorky on their native heath, as it were. The book is alive with information of interest.

Oddly, *Russia White or Red* is even bigger. Perhaps, it was because Mr. Saylor went with a clear mind—a mind absorbed in things artistic—and was so moved by what he observed that he felt it his duty to record his impressions under the White of the Tsarist reaction and the Red of the Bolshevik revolt. There is more than a mere word painting of the rattle of musketry here. Mr. Saylor reveals something of what has been going on in the real soul of Russia. And—praise be—he writes dispassionately and honestly. This volume is well worth reading.

WHY AM I TO BLAME?

By Le Baron Cooke

I'm half afraid to go with you,
The devil's in your eye;
And yet there's beauty in your speech,
And magic in your lie.

I scan your dark, intense young face;
And why am I to blame,
If, when you touch me with your lips,
I crackle like a flame?

DUSK AND SILVER

By Le Baron Cooke

A sputter of candlelight,
The closing of a door,
And I was alone;
Until you came,
Like a silver flame,
And burned beside me
In the dusk. . . .

The Vision of Thomas Hardy

(Continued from page 42)

abysses that the human, all unwitting, skirts every second.

Matter, mind and life are diaphanous. The characters in the Napoleonic drama of "The Dynasts" are vitreous. One sees thru them into the Law. They have no more will than the hands on the face of a clock. They are wound up and go for a little time or a long time. Napoleon is of no more importance in the brain of the Immanent Will than the humblest of Hardy's characters. We are molded "numbly as in a dream," "patterns wrought by rapt, æsthetic rote," always menaced by the back-fire of the dead.

Hence that sense of the unreality of life, that feeling of perpetual hallucination, deception, cozening and somnambulism. We seem cloaked in vaporous dreams thru which we discern the granite of Reality; but we can never step out of that vapor, which is the gaud of the imagination.

Tess and Michael Henchard are real to us, but they must have seen themselves in their last moments as each of us will see himself at the latter second: a myth, a chimerical wraith on the track of moon-moons. At most "artists in circumstance," as Hardy says.

Napoleon, in "The Dynasts," acts like an hallucinated being. He listens, listens always at critical moments for the promptings of "his Destiny," which is his magniloquent euphemism for his puppetry, and he is as hopelessly in the grip of his vertiginous dreams as is Saturn in the grip of its rings.

Irony is the logic of contradictions. It is the third eye of the brain. Among all the novelists of the age Thomas Hardy is the supreme ironist. He ranks with Turgenev and Flaubert. His irony is the irony of the author of "Œdipus Rex" and "Ghosts." It is implacable, as insistent as death, and godless. Yet at the last, it is with the great Turgenev that Thomas Hardy will stand when the history of the literature of the age is written. Both have dreamed Schopenhauer into their characters; both have crushed their creations with feathers—the little mischance, the slight misstep, the almost imperceptible contretemps.

Time, the winged snail, has its say, and each one shall be that which he wished to be or did not wish to be—it makes little difference; there will be tragic disillusion in either case. In the great Mime, where each one masks his guilt of living, Irony speaks the epilog from the stage. We have acted with the precision of the sweep of the Spheres. Everything has been plotted; we are allowed our ideals in order to trip over them, for this tragic Puck that Hardy names It is thinking out, maybe, a problem and we are only thought-cells in Its monstrous brain.

What has It to do with our avocations—our personal ambitions and desires? Irony is born of the sightlessness

of It in regard to us and our ignorance in regard to It. "So the Will heaves thru space and molds the times with mortals for Its fingers," says the Chorus of the Years. Hence, so long as the illusion of free will continues, there will be sport beneath the zodiac for Spirits Ironic and Spirits Sinister.

If the irony of the novels may be compared to the work of Turgenev, his mysticism finds a parallel in the dramas of Maeterlinck. In Hardy, as in the Belgian dramatist, backgrounds are immeasurable. Against the canvas of the visible and invisible worlds his figures stand out for a second like bas-reliefs, infinitely small and inconsequent, and then disappear in the dark. All the characters in the plays of Maeterlinck and the novels of Hardy are marionettes gliding over the thin thread of consciousness which cuts the Unknown like a chain of fireflies at the summit of the night. Each one walks in an aura of darkness, sinistinely luminous.

The description of Egdon Heath, in "The Return of the Native," with its two human beings—Man and Woman—appearing on the horizon, is a chapter that is an epic in itself. Man versus his Eternal Enemy, which is the subject of the Greek drama and of the Maeterlinck plays, is the subject of this chapter, mystical, subtle, allegorical—and tremendously real.

For that is the supreme magic of Thomas Hardy: he conveys the abstract thru the concrete, makes us feel the mysterious in the folds of the known, and puts a ghost at the very center of the familiar. In Maeterlinck we feel the reality of the mysterious. But Thomas Hardy has accomplished a greater miracle: he makes us feel the mystery and the terror of the real and familiar. The vision of the world in which his mind welters flows subtly from his pages and his characters into the unconscious depths of the reader and mounts and suffuses his nerves till he feels what Hardy has felt all his life—the eerie drama of the soul and the remoteness of man from the Great It.

Maeterlinck has given us the same feeling, but his characters are placed out of time and out of space. In Hardy's world, even in his great Napoleonic drama, we are at the very dug of ourselves, at the very elbows of Everyday and Matter-of-Fact.

In Hardy's vision the dramaturge of existence is the Unconscious. It is the Unconscious as expounded by Arthur Schopenhauer (the Columbus of modern thought) and Eduard von Hartmann. Plato had compared the world to a vast, lumbering, unknowable animal. It is something like this, too, that Thomas Hardy has conceived the Unconscious. In "The Dynasts" he makes it almost a visible entity. It resembles some cosmic

(Continued on page 81)



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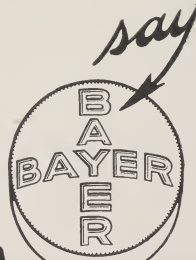
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The Capable Miss Shannon

(Continued from page 31)

were not, you know, afraid to die. They were, rather, more afraid to live. They knew that they were living and yet not living. That was their mentality. They were soft; effete. They were wasters; wasters of themselves, than which there is no greater tragedy. And it is going on all around us; all the time. People splendid people, really, not finding themselves—not knowing *how*—wanting something—not knowing what it is.

"Do you think, really, that people can help being what they are?"

"If they want to strongly enough. There are so many degrees of wanting."

"What do you think of a man of Hector Hushabye's type?"

"Women make that type of man. They coddle him. They encourage him to tell them his fantastic tales. They oh! and ah! over him. They *want* him to be that way, strongly enough, and so he is that way. Hector Hushabye was essentially a brave man. He didn't talk about the brave things he had really done. He made up absurdly heroic things that he had not done. There is a very subtle study there. A combination of diffident modesty and purely childish bravado."

"But Hershione Hushabye," I pursued, "do you believe a woman in actual life would be, *could* be, so broad, so tolerant as she? Wouldn't the instinct of—al—possession rather interfere?"

"In a great many instances, yes," Miss Shannon admitted, "but Hershione Hushabye was *thru* with that stage of the game. She had *had* all that, you know. She had *had* him. And she knew it. She knew, she as much as says so, if you remember, that he would never go beyond philandering because he would never *want* to. She had reached the mothering period. She was indulgent because she had no fear. There are women like that."

"It takes philosophy . . ." I said. "Of course. But why not acquire philosophy. We must have it with maturity."

Miss Shannon said it was utterly absorbing—doing Hershione Hushabye in "Heartbreak House." It wasn't playing a part. It was living; because Hershione, and her husband and Ellie and Mangam and the old Captain and the Nurse are all real people, living people, even as you and I and all the you's and I's in "Heartbreak House."

"That's what it seems like from out front," I said, "as tho you were not playing a part. Do you love it all like that; the stage, I mean?"

"Absolutely." Miss Shannon's was the fervor of the apostate to whose creed he has brought his living hours as proof of his devotion. "I am never so happy," she said, "as when the doors of the theater close to upon me and I am within. I am never, I think, really happy, as I know happiness, when I am outside

the theater. I was, you see, almost born on the stage. I have been on it, and of it, all my life. I neither know a life other than this, nor want one."

"That constitutes art, doesn't it," I mused, "being happy in what one is doing."

"Oh, Art . . ." said Miss Shannon. She added, "Yes—knowing what one is doing and then being happy in that knowledge, content in it, inspired by it."

Incidentally, for it *would* be an incident with Effie Shannon, she looks younger as Effie Shannon in the close proximity of her dressing-room than she does as the beguiling Hershione over the footlights. Which is rare in woman.

I said I supposed "Heartbreak House" drew a very intellectual type of audience.

Miss Shannon said, no, not necessarily. "In fact," she said, "the chance passerby dropping into the theater, quite unprepared for what he is to see and never having heard that the play is high-brow, so to speak, does not labor under the impression that he has to live up to it, as it were, and so gets all of the delightful comedy and is untroubled by symbolic speeches or double entendres. And for the more sophisticated who must take all things seriously and Shaw most seriously, there is all the controversial pleasure of the Shavian theories, and so I really believe the play does a great deal of good."

Sifting it all down, I rather suspect that "does a great deal of good" is the fundamental character of Miss Shannon's religion, personal and professional.

As I departed, via the mysterious winged ways again, this time encountering the Captain endeavoring, it seemed to me, to discover the Seventh Degree of Concentration in the fusty scenery, I thought of Effie Shannon as Hershione Hushabye. Then I thought, she *can't* be Hershione. Not really. Not fundamentally. No, nor in any other way, save the surface ways of graciousness and hospitality and charm. Because while Hershione was a charming woman of splendid capabilities she had let them run to a sort of fragrant seed in the sad sentimentality of "Heartbreak House," while Effie Shannon, also a charming woman of splendid capabilities, has made fine fruitage of hers as added treasure for the archives of Art.

Piano Recital
By S. King Russell

When Hoffman plays, my heart's a stream

That overflows with spring
And breathes its faint, ecstatic dream
To every living thing.

To every fern beside its shore,
To every tree, its praise;
The sea itself could tell no more—
When Hoffman plays.

The Vision of Thomas Hardy

(Continued from page 79)

mastodon that has the power of dreaming strange dreams. Or it is like a sphinx that dreams chimeras into a kind of semblance of reality, only to strike them dead with its mighty, clumsy paws?

In the novels, the Unconscious is a stream whose currents are directed by the debris of pasts without measure, a stream cumbered with sunken wrecks and floating forests and drowsing dead, a stream on which consciousness, intelligence, are only air-bubbles and phosphorus spots. The Unconscious is the sediment and silt of Time—and each generation of man is no other than that.

It is in the great ages of pessimism that the greatest wisdom comes from the human heart and brain. The seer and the optimist are contradiction in terms. So long as man is dominated by the Will-to-Power and the Will-to-Illusion the tragi-comedy will go on thruout the universe. But the Artist comes to interpret the Play to the players themselves. And among all the Artists within the memory of man none has seen deeper into life, none has held more completely or sanely in his head the Cosmic Vision, none has been more fearless, inexorable, or sincerer than Thomas Hardy.

He has glanced at life with a superhuman, satiric eye over which has hung the mist of a perpetual tear. And that mystical Hope that has fed the world for ages still dwells in his heart.

The last words in "The Dynasts" are: "Consciousness the Will informing till It fashion all things fair!"

He, too, has his dream—a of a metaphysical Messiah!

The Heart of Stone

(Continued from page 25)

last word in risks. Still, it's my work, and I have nothing to complain of, I know."

And so, I thought, the heart of Fred Stone still contains, in ever and ever fuller measure, the happiest things of all.

World

By Betty Earle

With stars in her fingers,

Blue voids at her feet,

She only is dreaming

In wonder complete;

Her golden blood streaming

While life ebbs away

In the breath of an hour

And the pulse of a day.

A Leaf

By Betty Earle

A leaf in fluttering

Is like a wing

Dropped from some many-winged bird

Whose song no more is heard.



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